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OCTOBER 4, 1958

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— THE WORLD'S NEWS IN PICTURES

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South Africa

LAND OF SUNNY CONTRASTS

"Time to dress for dinner ALREADY?"

It's the new Alec Guinness film tonight – better not be late for dinner. And there may be dancing afterwards. We've spent most of the day at the pool. The Seabrooks gave a small cocktail party before lunch. The two albatrosses that have been convoying us since Sunday are still alongside. I've got an appointment for a hair-do at 10.30 tomorrow. The sun's tanning *me* and bleaching my *hair!* Today I saw in the wardrobe the tweed skirt I was wearing when we came on board at Southampton. Ugh! It made me wince, it looked so hot and heavy. I'm glad I've picked a husband whose business keeps him on the move between England and Africa. This is the way to travel!

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THE SUPERB SCOTCH

Volume CCXXXV No. 3053 The SPHERE, London, October 4, 1958

The SPHERE

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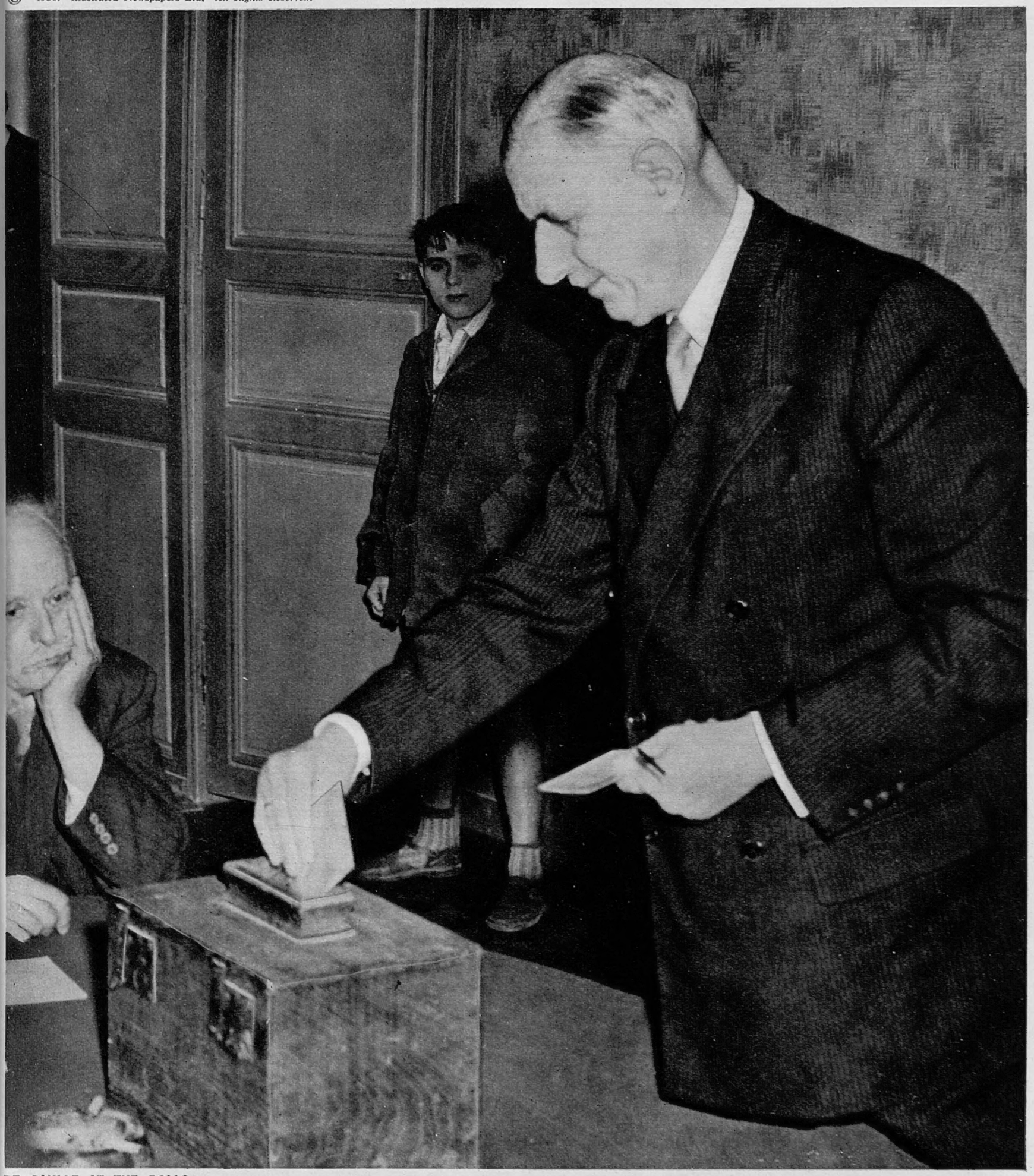

DE GAULLE AT THE POLLS—THE FRENCH PRIME MINISTER CASTS HIS VOTE IN THE REFERENDUM FOR THE NEW FRENCH CONSTITUTION: He is placing his ballot card in the box in the booth in his own village of Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises. In this small constituency 195 voted for the General and there was only one negative vote. Throughout the whole of France early returns showed that between 85 and 90 per cent. of the voters had polled and about 80 per cent. had voted "yes."

Nobody expected anything but an affirmative vote for the Fifth French Republic in the national referendum last Sunday. What surprised many observers was the size of the majority in favour of General de Gaulle's new Constitution. Even in places which had been regarded as centres of Opposition, the negative vote was small. For example, in Avignon, where M. Daladier, the Radical former Prime Minister, had campaigned against de Gaulle, the "no" vote was no more than 7,000, against 23,000 asserting "yes." The final referendum figures for Metropolitan France were: for the Constitution 17,666,828 votes (79·25 per cent. of the votes cast); against the Constitution 4,624,475 (20·75 per cent. of the poll). Outside Metropolitan France—in Algeria and in the departments and territories overseas—polling was also reported to be very heavy. Results from Algeria indicated massive support for the General, but Guinea voted against the Constitution and thus chose separation from France. The Fifth Republic comes formally into existence to-morrow. De Gaulle will temporarily have almost unlimited powers. (Further pictures on page 10.)

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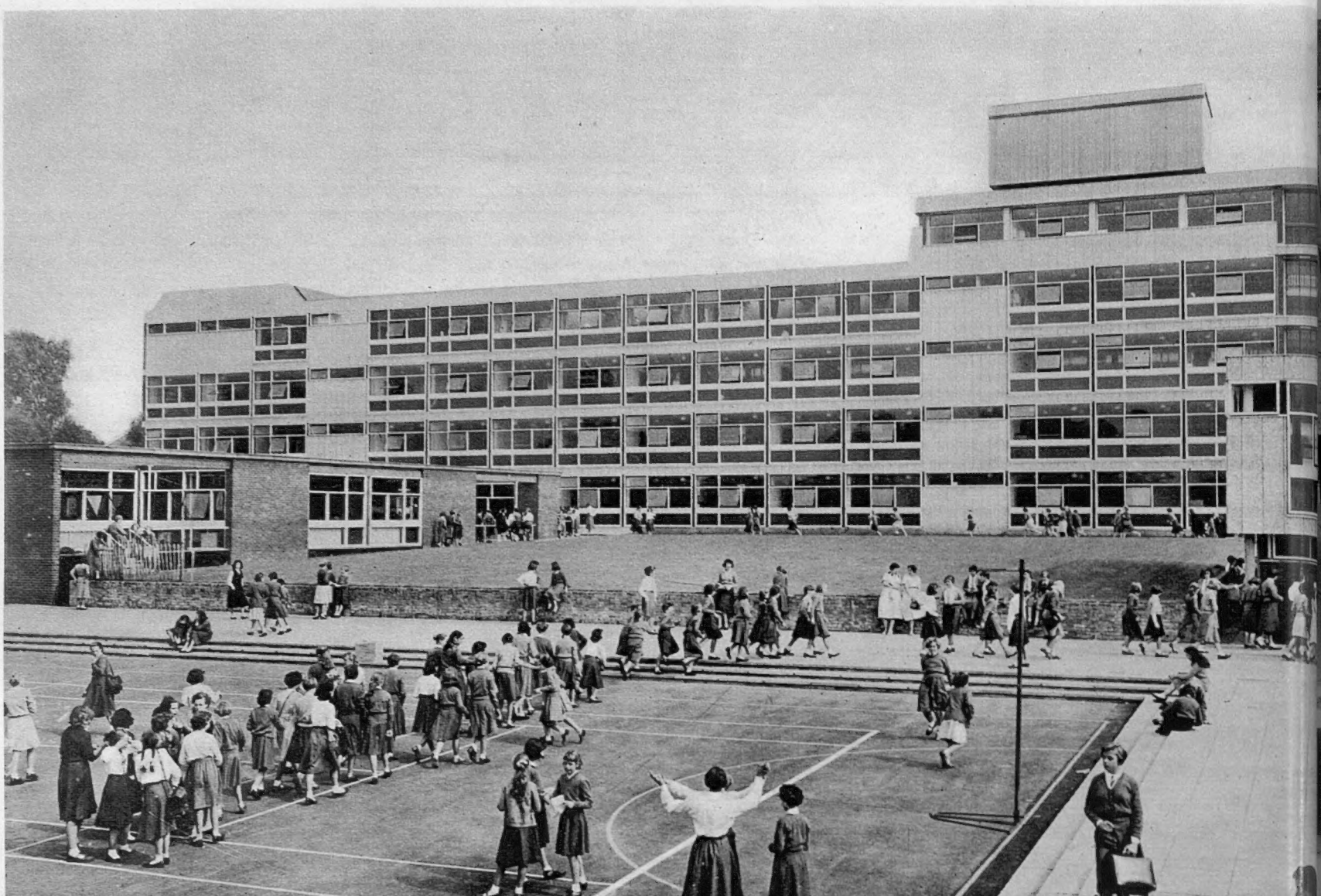


LUNCHTIME AT A NEW LONDON SCHOOL: In the background is the educational block of the Garratt Green Comprehensive School, Burntwood Lane, Wandsworth. The firs at the school began last month. Built at a cost of over £735,000, the buildings house more than 2,000 girls between the ages of eleven and eighteen years old, at courses covering the G.C.E. examinations at "O" and "A" levels and up to scholarship standard. There are also technical courses, including catering, nursing and co

A London Newslette

195-198, STRAND, W.

Monty Retires?—After exactly half a century of soldiering, Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery retired the week before last at the age of seventy into private life. He had been Deputy Supreme Commander Europe for seven years. One of the greatest, and certainly the most publicised of the war leaders of our time, he has always been a controversial figure, and by all accounts is likely to remain so as a private citizen. For his natural desire for peace and privacy and escape from being "racketed about" may not preclude him from racketing and being racketed, if he finds his pen as powerful as his sword. He has never concealed his opinions about the grand strategy of the final phase of the Second World War, and believes that, if he had had his way after the Normandy landings, the war would have been greatly shortened and thousands of lives spared. To expound those views in book form will mean the "hitting for six" of many Allied war leaders, and some hard things may be said of politicians also, in the post-war years *vis-à-vis* NATO. A man of Monty's calibre and character is always happiest on his own, and his command of the Eighth Army was the happiest, luckiest and most successful phase of his fine career, for there and then he could put into effect the theories of war he had built up during his years of service. When his book is published (and already the serial rights have been secured) we may be certain that Monty as a "private" will be every whit as controversial a figure as Monty the Field-Marshal, and even more frank, confident and outspoken. For its reception is bound to flutter the dovecots of Anglo-American relations, and Monty in mufti will be a best-seller as outstanding as he proved in high command in the Army. He is giving himself time for reflection on life and soldiering; and calm reflection often brings restraint. But his theories on leadership and strategy deserve to be put on record in permanent form as a text-book for the Army of to-morrow.

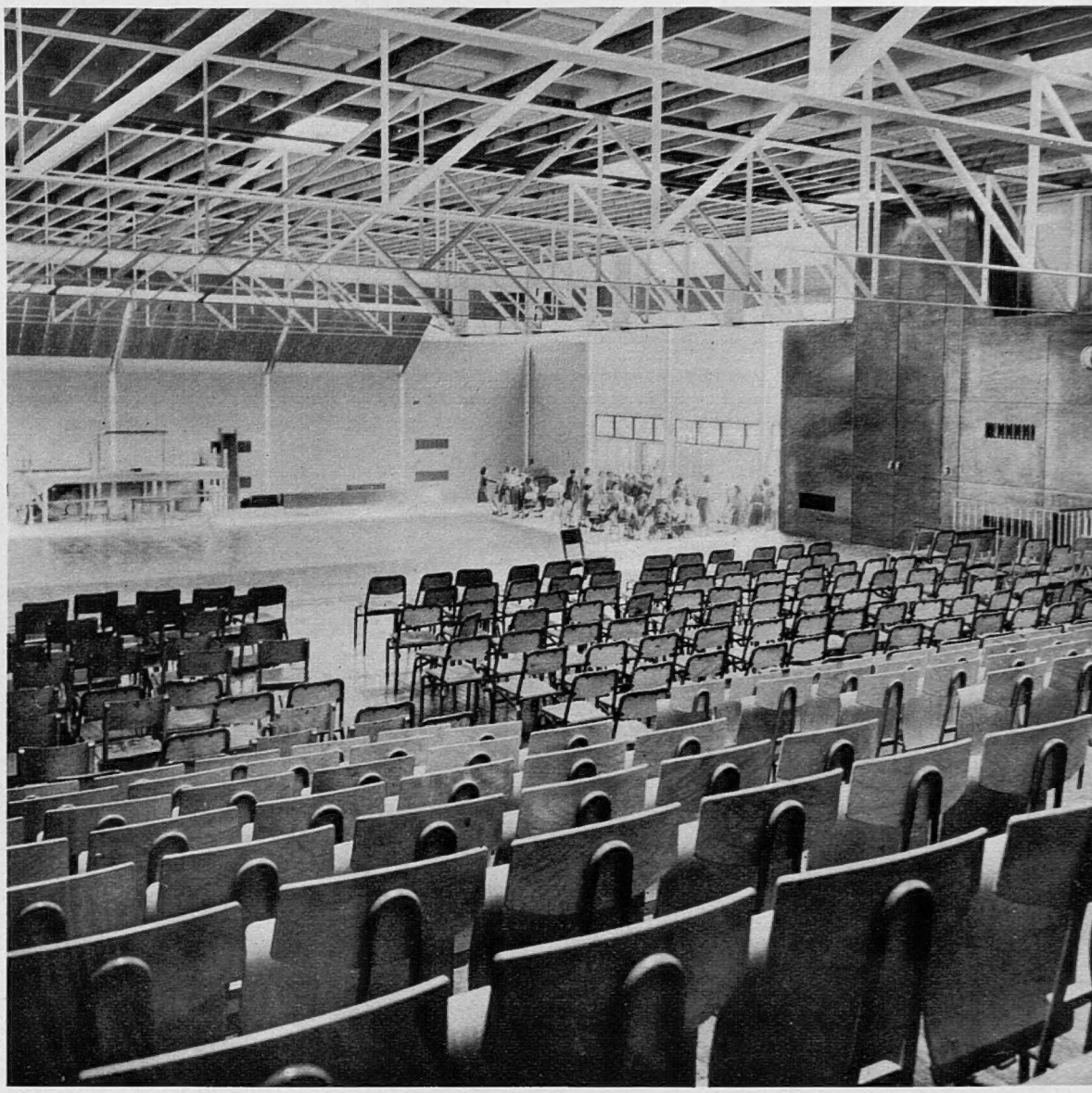
"We Want Macmillan."—I dare say the reception given to Mr. Gaitskell last week in the stronghold of Mrs. Braddock, where Socialists are in a great majority, carried no more than local significance and stemmed from very local grievances and rivalry between Protestants and Roman Catholics. Whether or no, it must have heartened the Premier and Lord Hailsham and slightly shocked the Socialists to read in banner headlines in the Tory Press that repeated cry of "We want Macmillan, not Gaitskell: go home and get lost," and to learn that the Union Jack and not the red flag was predominantly waved. One's return from a well-deserved holiday is often celebrated with less comforting matters for attention. I don't know if Mr. Gaitskell also returned home, but he has some reason for feeling lost. Some of his men and lady-helps have been making his leadership more difficult, and there can be no harder job, in a world situation forever swivelling and fluid, than the duty to make a firm pronouncement without delay on every situation that arises. Whether that duty is absolute, let alone wise, in a "Shadow" Premier, I do not know. It is certainly often embarrassing in result. Mr. Gaitskell in recent days has clearly judged that it is the duty of an Opposition to oppose and, even when common sense urges agreement with a Government policy or decision, to praise it with faint damns. I dare say he would have preferred occasional silence even from good words, if it were not clear that he must satisfy two publics: the British voter and his own Left-wing followers. But the incident of the "Braddocks" flats has no serious implications beyond confirming Mr. Macmillan's gradual overcoming of unreasoning prejudices—on results.

Be Kind to the Killer.—Mrs. Barbara Castle's reported criticism of British military conduct in Cyprus cannot be dismissed with a shrug. She made the charges after a flying visit to the island, during which she "heard evidence" from villagers in the area of operations, but none apparently from the troops. It was perhaps hard on her that her interview with Makarios was overshadowed in the Tory Press by those reckless charges. Mrs. Castle stands high among the Labour Party leaders, and her charges, however unproven and reckless, were bound to carry weight with all who oppose British policy in Cyprus. Politically, the implications of her wild charges involved the Socialist Party in Britain, until Mr. Gaitskell rejected them. He was forced to do so or face the charge of a sudden withdrawal of support for the Government's broad policy by his party, and so tie himself and his party to Makarios *à outrance*. A member of the Executive had already given him a lead in a strong denunciation. If Mrs. Castle were merely an M.P. paying with her pen for a holiday abroad, a shrug would serve for an example of a clacking tongue and too ready pen. And even so, her charges raise another question: what kind of response is to be expected of a Christian nation in its efforts to control daily murders and easy escapes? Christianity rejects "an eye for an eye" in favour of "Put up thy sword," but toughness of such a kin only be countered by toughness, and cool and imp justice can only be achieved when the guilty are th hended, and in Cyprus that implies a rigorous scr even among passive sympathisers with murder. Th Founder of the Christian religion understood well en the feelings with which our troops go about their dr duty after each such incident—the senseless, brutal ma of one after another of their comrades before the e their young children. Those who aid and abet murderers can hardly expect kid-glove handling, sinc make those murders possible and often unpunishab

Liberal Choices.—The air of uncer at Torquay affected the weather at nearby Sidm where I happened to be writing. The mist and the seemed to come from all points of the compass in As one who, faint yet pursuing, follows the progr the Liberal cause with sympathy, I felt that the r Torquay had stayed the advance. There and the small Liberal firmament had need of its full gala stars, and did not get it; and, still more, the need its morning stars to sing together in unison, in faith in conviction. That did not happen. There was phony and solo-singing, and when agreement of was reached on one theme, it seemed to cancel o contradict an agreement reached with equal aut only an hour before. The Tories and the Socialists been fair game for Liberal sarcasm since the by-el triumphs. Lack of policy, vacillation and divided co have been the chief criticisms aimed at the big pot I fear that the records of Torquay have heaped up a pebbles for counter-attack. Dear old Free Trade the biggest brick into the conservatory, and that b returnable by any hand that cares to pick it up, no the horny hand of the farmer. "Poor old Joe" had job before him to paste over the cracks, explai apparent inconsistencies, and prove the Torquay r have been another milestone in the great Liberal come

Two Royal Serials.—Last Monday two stories began serialisation in the Press. Mr. Wh Bennett's Biography of George VI in the *Telegraph* the "Townsend story" in the *Mail*. Mr. Wh

ILS AT WORK: In the assembly hall of the new comprehensive school, an informal group studies with its teacher. Outside (centre) is the covered path or "walkway" which leads to the administration block.



THE ASSEMBLY HALL: In the far corner of the large hall is a group of pupils. At the school are two model flats fitted with modern housekeeping equipment in which the girls are taught housewifery, ten science laboratories, eight housecraft rooms, a theatre, three gymnasia and an indoor swimming-pool.

nnett's book is to be published on October 13 and ll unquestionably prove the highlight of the autumn blishing season, for it carries the authority of many years research. of wide travel and of consultation with all ailable sources of information, living and in print, to nich Royal biographers have instant and unfettered course. It is the complete history of a reign and a true rtrait of a King and man. It is claimed for the Townsend story" that the full and true facts are of vital portance to the Nation and Commonwealth, and in eir aftermath might well suggest the need for a revision the British Constitution and our monarchical traditions. is is a big claim. The cynic may suggest that it disguises less exalted and more commercial objective. I will only ake this comment: What pain the *Mail's* serial would ve given to the subject of Mr. Wheeler-Bennett's ography, as it must give to his surviving family, and w little profit is to be expected from a resurrection—wever accurate and free from guesswork—of what ould be regarded as a private sorrow and memory.

TO SCHOOL: Wearing his school cap and carrying his suitcase and raincoat, the Prince of Wales leaves Newbury station, in Berkshire, on his way to Cheam School.

If the Constitution falls to be revised, it is unlikely that revision will be brought about by Mr. Barrymaine's pen. The "Crawfie touch" is apparent.

Ted Kavanagh.—He is worth a note, in every newspaper in the land, this New Zealander who knew more about the British character in our finest hour than we ourselves knew. ITMA was essentially a happy partnership of three, Handley, Kavanagh and Worsley, in which trinity none was greater or less than another and each was an essential factor in the success of the whole. We know now that without Handley to interpret and perhaps Worsley to produce it, Kavanagh's script would never have been established as a household word like Sherlock Holmes, nor his characters have become as familiar in our ears as those of Dickens or even Shakespeare. The men who interpreted them merged in their characters. I was glad to be reminded that "It 's that man again" was originally a catchword applied to Hitler's rapacious aggressions. ITMA briefly transferred the phrase to Tommy Handley, a signal for all our suffering nation to switch on the buzz-box and laugh our troubles away. Kavanagh's immortal success was due to lucky chance and a miracle. He found the man who fitted his fancies like a well-made glove, and he was born with an extraordinary insight into the eternal qualities of Britons in time of war and mortal peril, the same yesterday, to-day and to-morrow, the same in Armada days as in Dunkirk days. ITMA was essentially an "amateur" show. We are essentially an amateur nation, relying on gags and makeshifts and rejecting ruled lines and planned economies. And that is why ITMA, and perhaps Much Binding, were first favourites as long as their partnerships held. Our humour relies on surprise and patent absurdity, and our laughter never hides "the tears of things." It merely makes them fine and bearable.

Cinema in Eclipse.—The Rank Organisation has disclosed a drop of nearly £3,000,000 in profits during 1957-58. Attendance has declined steadily. That this is disastrous news Lord Rank does not disguise, though he refuses to despair. It seems that television is not the only rival for the people's money. Cars and electrical gadgets on the "never-never" use up the spare shillings also. What 's to be done to turn back the tide of disfavour? Close more cinemas, make fewer films and produce them more cheaply, which implies using fewer top-salary stars, except for a few big international-market films for export. And finally, branch out into TV films and feed the dog that bites you. Well and good, but first and last—it 's mere common sense—the cinema must always be up with changing taste. If Rank can make and sell good films to the TV, he can make good films for the cinema and can cash in on both departments of his industry. The public's taste is quite certainly being improved by many features in broadcasting and television, and patrons of the cinema will no longer endure the cheap-jack still turned out as adequate. As example, I saw by chance on TV recently a "Western type" film. *Why* it was shown, whether as a museum piece or for entertainment, none of us could imagine. But a mixed house-party saw it out from sheer curiosity—a turgid, obscure, endless and inaudible tale of a cattle-rustler, with the usual stampedes, sheriff-rides and covered carts, saloon shootings and hitched saddle-horses. Our verdict was: this is rock-bottom and TV is deliberately revealing it. We may be still an uneducated democracy, but we are now beyond *that* stage, and the cinema must accept it and play its part with television in improving our taste and satisfying that improvement.

"Stand To Your Horses."—Watching some horse-trials in Devonshire the other day, I reflected on our national tastes and reactions. The first great effort to stop the rot when fox-hunting seemed to be threatened and the horse's day done with the advance of mechanised transport in war and peace and with trench warfare was made by the cavalry generals in 1916-17, and those efforts probably prolonged the First World War. Thereafter the cavalry regiments were one by one unhorsed and mechanised. But the battle was not over. Fox-hunting was resumed and became much more expensive, and had to face new enemies gathered in the cause of "humanity." And to-day these enemies are strongly entrenched. The riposte was the pony clubs, and I suppose the inspiration came from the Hunts, for most pony clubs are linked to Hunts, and the Masters are very much concerned to encourage and educate the young in horsemanship. With the result that pony clubs and riding schools multiply even in poor hunting country, side by side with new trunk roads, traffic jams and car fever and speed mania, and enthusiasm for the horse is most marked in the young females, always more courageous than boys in the first stages. So it was that I watched that day scores of young women negotiating a stiff hunting-country course on horses trained and bred often by themselves, each with a fine record of successes in earlier trials and each seemingly as experienced and more knowledgeable than the famous lady cracks of Edwardian days. They need to be, for the obstacles in their path are Becher's Brooks indeed on the course—and off. Presumably the enormous popularity of riding and horse-trials is a sharp reaction against a too swift advance to mechanisation and the break-up of country life by suburbanisation.

IN THE MIDDLE EA

Members of the New Governme Lebanon; Riots in Beirut; Dr. J on Trial in Bagdad; Terrorism in C

Despite an outburst of rioting by righ supporters of the old Government, in general accepted quietly the new G ment announced by General Chehab. Cabinet of eight, which met for the first ti week, is composed of four Christians, Muslims, and a Druze. It was expected policy statement would be presented t Chamber of Deputies at the beginning week, when the Cabinet was to ask for a confidence. There was sharp criticism by wing members over the selection of Karami as Premier. He took a leading role *coup d'état* in 1952 and for a time was a supporter of Camille Chamoun. He was Prime Minister for six months in 1955. La opposed Chamoun over the Eisenhower do

It was thought likely that the new poli be pursued in Lebanon would include a disarmament of the people, the withdraw U.S. forces, the reorganisation of political and the revision of electoral law. The new Minister has been quoted as saying th Government would maintain "traditional Le neutrality with a liberal and Arab policy," what was believed in some quarters to be t phase of the withdrawal of all American from Lebanon, the last of the U.S. Marines pu to leave. About 1,600 men were con

THE NEW LEBANESE CABINET: With the new President, General Fuad Chehab (right foreground), at the Presidential residence near Beirut are members of the Cabinet. On the left in the foreground is Rashid Karami, Prime Minister, Defence and Interior. Behind in white jackets are, left to right, Philippe Takla (Foreign Affairs) and Yussef Soda (Labour and Justice). The remainder of the Cabinet in the background is unidentified, but the other names announced were Charles Helou (Economy), Hamad Safieddin (Education), Rasik Naja (Finance), Fuad Najjar (Agriculture), and Farid Brad (Public Works).

On right—

TAKING OVER THE PRESIDENCY: General Chehab (left) sits beside his predecessor in Lebanon, Camille Chamoun, in the Presidential palace after the inauguration ceremony.

THE FORMER PRIME MINISTER IN LEBANON: Sami Solh arrive Ankara from Beirut at the beginning of a three-month in Turkey. The new Premier, Rashid Karami, is a Muslim and was a prominent member of the opposi

OUTBREAKS OF VIOLENCE IN BEIRUT: Firemen with hoses try to extinguish flames from a wrecked car during fighting in the streets after the Presidential elections. At least ten people were killed in the disturbances before the Army intervened. Later, over last week-end, there were further clashes as the Army continued with the task of removing all the barricades.

DURING THE DISTURBANCES IN LEBANON: Ci The disturbances were apparently caus Later fighting was said to be due to a mis

ON TRIAL IN BAGDAD: Dr. Fadhil Jamali, former Iraq Prime Minister, Foreign Minister and United Nations' delegate, stands in the dock on charges of treason. The trial ended last week-end and a verdict is expected shortly. His counsel pleaded that it was not possible to convict Dr. Jamali because the prosecution had failed to establish criminal intent. Dr. Jamali said in his defence that he believed in Arab nationalism and that he had opposed Western imperialism and had sought to prevent it being replaced by Communist imperialism. The defence counsel claimed that Dr. Jamali could not be charged with conspiracy against a foreign power, in this case, Syria, under the Bagdad penal code, because Iraq regards Syria not as a foreign power but as a fellow-Arab country. One of the charges against Dr. Jamali was that he was a mason. The President of the Court asked whether freemasonry was not a "Zionist-Imperialist" organisation.

M. SPAAK IN ATHENS: The Secretary-General of N.A.T.O. (right) is greeted by Mr. Karamanlis, who is the Greek Prime Minister.

A BRITISH MAJOR-GENERAL'S ESCAPE IN CYPRUS: By the side of a road in Nicosia, a British Military Police Land-Rover lies wrecked after an electrical mine had been exploded by the terrorists. Major-General D. A. Kendrew, director of anti-terrorist operations on the island, escaped unhurt. The mine exploded a few seconds after his car had passed.

RELEASED FROM DETENTION: Cypriot women meet their friends outside the Phaneromeni Church in Nicosia. Eleven women were released from detention camps on the island. In Athens, the Greek Government supported the proposal for an independent Cyprus which Archbishop Makarios submitted to Britain. It also agreed conditionally to M. Spaak's proposal for a tripartite conference on Cyprus, to be attended also by Greek and Turkish Cypriot representatives.

h for cover behind a tank as shooting breaks out. nours of the composition of the new Cabinet. nding between the Army and the Falangists.

DEMONSTRATIONS AGAINST THE NEW LEBANESE PRIME MINISTER: Members of the Right Wing Party, the Falangists, march through Beirut protesting against the nomination of Rashid Karami. According to reports, he was the leader of the rebel group in Tripoli opposing the former Government. Right Wing supporters of the old Government were critical of the appointment.

DE GAULLE IN LILLE: The General shakes hands with miners in pit helmets and overalls during his visit to the mining centre on his tour of France shortly before Referendum Day. The French Premier addressed a vast crowd in the Place de la République of Lille and everywhere in the town was received with enthusiasm.

A DEMONSTRATION AGAINST THE NEW CONSTITUTION: Posters bearing the word "Non" are held up in the crowd waiting for de Gaulle to pass during his visit to Strasbourg. Much of the more vociferous opposition to the Fifth Republic came from the Communists. This may have caused many waverers to vote for de Gaulle.

THE FRENCH REFERENDUM

The Campaign Before Voting in France; and the Polling in North Africa

VOTING OVERSEAS: A French soldier casts his ballot in a military barracks in Morocco. Arrangements were made for troops to vote everywhere overseas.

A POLLING BOOTH IN THE ALGERIAN MOUNTAINS: Two soldiers stand on guard outside a tent at a village in the Kabylia range while the local inhabitants gather to record their opinion of the new constitution. Throughout the whole of Algeria it was reported that 96 per cent. of the votes cast were in favour of establishing the Fifth Republic.

A KEY FIGURE IN THE CREATION OF THE FIFTH REPUBLIC: General Massu votes in Algiers. He led the military coup which brought de Gaulle back to power and paved the way for the constitution now accepted by the mass of the French.

FULL CITIZENS OF FRANCE: Muslim women, voting for the first time in their lives, are among those in the polling booth in the Kabylia Mountains. Only in French Guinea was there an adverse vote to de Gaulle, showing the colony's wish to withdraw from the French Union.

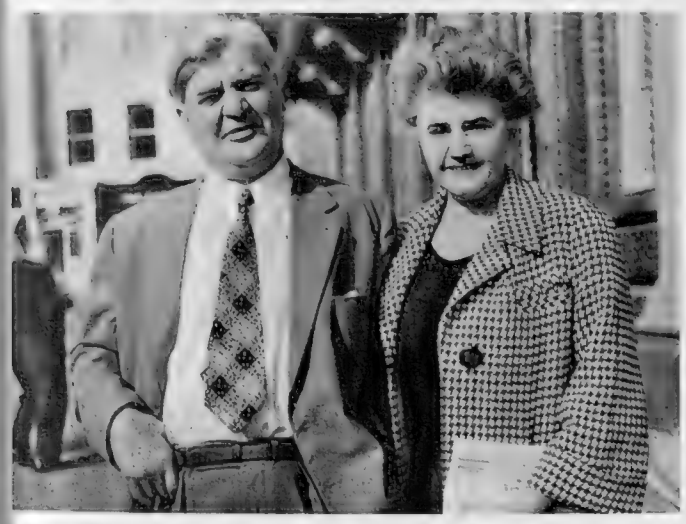
The News in Pictures

A HIGH-LEVEL CONFERENCE IN FORMOSA: From the left are General Laurence S. Kuter, Commander of the United States Air Forces in the Pacific; Mr. Yu Ta-wei, Defence Minister in the Chinese Nationalist Government; Admiral Harry D. Felt, Commander-in-Chief of all U.S. Forces in the Pacific, and Vice-Admiral Roland Smoot, U.S. Commander in the Formosa area. They were meeting in Taipeh with General Chiang Kai-shek and his senior Nationalist officials for important discussions on strategy.

A BRIEFING SESSION: Two couples, each consisting of a United States Air Force officer and a Chinese Nationalist pilot, sit in the briefing-room at an air base on Formosa. The Americans were giving pre-flight instruction on the flying of Super-Sabres to the Chinese. United States airmen have flown a number of the jet aircraft to Formosa for the use of the Chinese Nationalists. According to reports from Taipeh, Nationalists recently shot down several Communist MIG s over the straits.

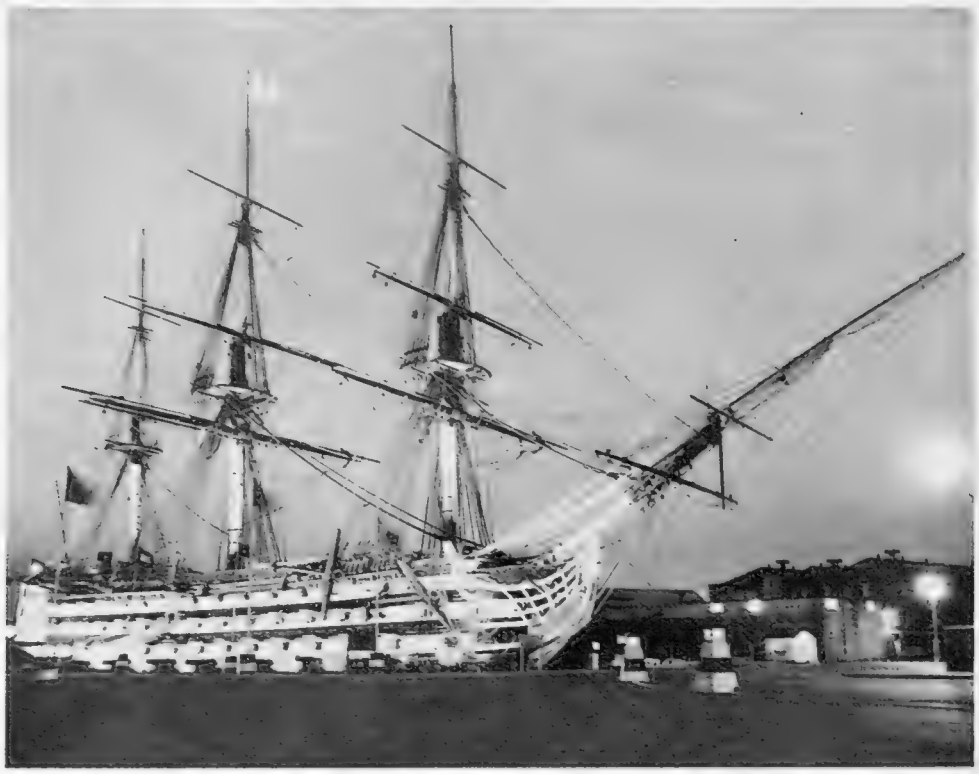
THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED NATIONS GENERAL ASSEMBLY: Mr. Charles Malek, of Lebanon, presides in New York. The new President was Foreign Minister of Lebanon until he was displaced in the Government formed last week by President Chehab. It is understood he will continue as Lebanese delegate to U.N.

THE BRITISH POINT OF VIEW ON WORLD AFFAIRS: Mr. Selwyn Lloyd addresses the United Nations General Assembly. In a major policy speech, the Foreign Secretary said that Britain supported the United States in wishing for a peaceful settlement on an international basis of the Formosa dispute. He hoped that the Chinese Communists would cease their heavy bombardments of Quemoy and that the Nationalists would abstain from military activities. With regard to the Middle East he declared that Britain was anxious to withdraw her troops as speedily as possible. He supported proposals for the control of the suspension of nuclear tests and referred to Cyprus and to Iceland.



THE LABOUR PARTY ANNUAL CONFERENCE: Mr. Aneurin Bevan and his wife stroll on the promenade at Scarborough, before the Conference opened on Monday. Both are members of the Labour Party Executive Committee. *On right*—At an eve-of-Conference rally, from left to right, Mrs. Barbara Castle, Mr. Richard Crossman and Mr. Hugh Gaitskell sing "The Red Flag." In a policy statement on the colour bar issued just prior to the Conference, the Labour Party Executive promised that the next Labour Government would introduce legislation which would ban racial discrimination in public places. A "Policy Discussion Document" issued by the Victory for Socialism group asked the Labour Party to "reject the hydrogen bomb." It proposed a disengagement policy in Europe and the Middle and Far East.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



MARKING THE 200TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF LORD NELSON: His old flagship, H.M.S. *Victory*, in permanent berth at Portsmouth, is floodlit for the first time for celebrations to mark the bicentenary of his birth on September 29, 1758. Ceremonies, including a service, were held on board the flagship and also on the quayside adjoining. In London, a new bust of the Admiral was on view near the entrance to the board room in Admiralty House. At Lord Nelson's birthplace, Burnham Thorpe, a commemorative plaque made from copper and wood from the *Victory* was unveiled on a wall inside All Saints Church, where the Admiral's father was rector.

A MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE FOR SIR WINSTON AND LADY CHURCHILL: Watched by crowds at the quayside, the 1,750-ton yacht *Christina*, with Sir Winston and Lady Churchill on board, steams from the harbour at Monte Carlo at the start of a ten-day cruise. Sir Winston and his wife were on board as the guests of Mr. Aristotle Onassis, the Greek shipowner. *Right*—Sir Winston and Lady Churchill stand on the quay at Monte Carlo prior to boarding the *Christina*. Sir Winston was due to fly to London when the yacht reached Gibraltar on October 2. He and Lady Churchill celebrated their golden wedding at Monte Carlo last month.

THE UNITED STATES RETAINS THE AMERICA'S CUP: The crew of the American 12-metre yacht *Columbia* are seen on the deck during the fourth race in the series for the America's Cup sailed at Newport, Rhode Island. By gaining another easy victory in this race over the 12-metre *Sceptre*, the Royal Yacht Squadron's challenger, the Americans set the seal on the seventeenth series for the trophy. *Columbia* won the first three races without a struggle. In the fourth race it took the American yacht 3 hours, 4 mins. 22 secs. to sail round the 24-mile triangular course—the fastest time of the series—and *Sceptre*, falling steadily behind throughout, crossed the finishing-line 7 mins. 5 secs. later. A series of accidents during the latter part of the race almost caused the British yacht to fall out of the race before the finish. The alloy boom snapped in half during the second leg of the course and the spinnaker boom broke when a guy parted. The America's Cup has been in the possession of the U.S. ever since it was first raced for in 1851.

THE 1958 COMMERCIAL MOTOR SHOW AT EARLS COURT: Mr. Harold Watkinson (*right*) listens to an explanation about the working parts of a 5-ton vehicle during a tour of the exhibition after he had performed the opening ceremony. *Left*—A general view of some of the stands showing the wide variety of vehicles on display. The Commercial Motor Show is the world's largest commercial vehicle exhibition. It is held at two-yearly intervals by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, the current Show being the largest ever in the series. On the 435 stands was a comprehensive array of British and Overseas commercial vehicles and associated equipment, ranging from enormous road haulage lorries and passenger transport vehicles to the smallest of accessories and gadgets.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE NEW SMITHFIELD POULTRY MARKET: Opposite the original market, which was destroyed in a fire at the beginning of this year, is the new L-shaped building. It is nearing completion after work started on it three months ago. About a quarter of the size of the old building, it will be finished, it is hoped, in the short time of fourteen weeks. The new poultry market will house twenty-five small shops, each having a cold storage cubicle. On the extreme left is the site for a new public house, work on which has not yet started. The new poultry market has been built as a temporary measure until the old market is rebuilt in about six years' time. Two firemen died in the fire which destroyed the old building. The conflagration spread through the labyrinth of cellars and tunnels over an area of 2½ acres. In spite of thousands of gallons of water being pumped into the cellars, the blaze spread to the surface buildings, and by the following day the market was a gutted shell. About forty firemen were injured in efforts to control the flames.

THE INAUGURATION OF THE FIFTH "EUROPEAN VILLAGE": During the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone, the Vicomtesse D'Avignon wields a hammer. The others in the picture from left to right are M. Robert Schuman, Dom Dominique Pire, and M. Paul Levy, who is a director of the European Council. The ceremony took place at Spiesen, near Saarbrücken, in Germany. The village, which is the fifth of its kind and bears the name of Albert Schweitzer, will house twenty homeless families. It is being built by a Catholic organisation known as "Aid for Homeless Foreigners."

On left—

GODDESS ON THE MOVE: The figure of Victory for Berlin's Quadriga is hoisted to its position on top of the Brandenburg Gate, in East Berlin. Authorities in East Berlin decided that the figure would replace the red flag flying from the Gate after the iron cross—a "symbol of Prussian militarism"—was removed from the standard held by the goddess in her right arm. The original statue of the goddess riding in a chariot drawn by four horses was destroyed by Soviet artillery at the end of the last war. Weighing 10 tons, the new Quadriga was cast in West Berlin and moved by agreement to the Communist side of the gate. Before its formal hoisting into position, the Quadriga disappeared. East Berlin authorities stated that it had been moved to the old Royal stables in the Marx-Engels Platz. This caused a storm of protest from West Berliners. With the alterations, the Quadriga has now reappeared.

FLOODING AT WICKFORD, IN ESSEX: In the main street, as the water swirls round their legs, A.A. Patrolmen try to start a car, while the driver of another car attempts to make progress. In some places the water was 8 ft. deep. The floods last week were the second in three weeks and the River Crouch again burst its banks. This was the fourth time in two months. The Chamber of Trade in Wickford sent telegrams to the Ministers of Food, Health, and Housing and Local Government calling for immediate action to prevent a recurrence of the flooding. Although the water in general subsided rapidly after heavy rain round London and in the West Country and Wales, some areas were still suffering the effects of the flooding several days afterwards. Last week, A.A. patrols reported the first snowfall of the season, in Ross-shire—a week later than the first recorded snowfall last year.

CLEARING THE ROADS: Firemen pump away the flood-water which closed the North Circular Road, near Stonebridge Park Station, Middlesex. On the other side of the bridge are many vehicles waiting to use the road. Alternative routes became jammed.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

MR. NEHRU'S HIMALAYAN JOURNEY: He is being presented with some books by the Maharajah of Sikkim in the Royal Palace at Gangtok, the capital of the Indian Protectorate on the north-east frontier below the Himalaya mountains. From Gangtok the Indian Prime Minister travelled on to Bhutan. This is another remote Himalayan kingdom, which is in special relations with Delhi. Under the treaty of 1949, Bhutan accepted the guidance of India in external relations and India agreed to exercise no interference in internal affairs. Between Sikkim and Bhutan Mr. Nehru's party had to cross part of Southern Tibet and passed through a Chinese check post. In Paro, Bhutan, the Indian leader addressed a public meeting. He stressed India's desire for Bhutan to remain independent and declared that the freedom of both countries should be safeguarded from outside interference. Particular interest was attached to Mr. Nehru's remarks in view of recent claims by the Chinese to some areas of Bhutan.

ON THE BORDER BETWEEN SIKKIM AND TIBET: Mr. Nehru is in white cap and jacket in the group on the left. He was met on the frontier by the Indian Consul-General in Lhasa and by Chinese officials who are stationed in Tibet.

On right—

THE PUPILS' VIEW IN THE U.S. SCHOOLS DISPUTE: A group of girls and boys hold a poster outside the Northside Junior High School in Norfolk, Virginia, appealing against the threat of its closure. This would prevent Negroes entering. Neither in the rôles of "segregationists or integrationists" but as "students who want an education," the pupils ask for the school to be kept open.

THE RENEWAL OF THE FULBRIGHT INTERNATIONAL SCHOLARSHIP EXCHANGE SCHEME: Mr. Whitney, the United States Ambassador to Britain, and Mr. Ormsby-Gore, Minister of State, sit together in the Foreign Office in London. They were meeting to sign agreements continuing the Fulbright Scholarship exchanges between the United States and Britain and the British colonies. The scheme is named after Senator Fulbright, who carried the Bill through Congress in 1948 permitting U.S. Government funds to be used for the scholarships. These enable British subjects to travel to American universities and Americans to study in universities in the U.K. The scheme also applies to certain Commonwealth and some European countries.

THE RESIGNATION OF MR. SHERMAN ADAMS: President Eisenhower is seen with his Chief Assistant at Newport, Rhode Island, shortly before the latter resigned his post as right-hand man to the President. In a statement on radio and television Mr. Adams declared that he had been subjected to "a campaign of vilification." He referred to the Congressional Committee which investigated the Goldfine case and declared that the evidence he (Mr. Adams) gave to it showed that he had never influenced or attempted to influence any Government agency or employee in any matter whatsoever. He felt that the political attacks on him were in reality an attempt to embarrass the administration and the President. He had decided to resign rather than diminish Republican chances at the forthcoming Congressional elections. President Eisenhower accepted the resignation "With Sadness."

THE NEW DEPUTY SUPREME ALLIED COMMANDER, EUROPE, TAKES UP HIS POST: General Sir Richard Gale (left) arrives at Orly Airport. With him is General Schuyler, Chief of Staff at S.H.A.P.E. The new Deputy Supreme Commander succeeds Field Marshal Montgomery, who retired a fortnight ago. General Gale, who is aged sixty-two, was educated at Aldenham and Sandhurst and commissioned in the Worcestershire Regiment in 1915. In the Second World War he raised and commanded the 1st Parachute Brigade and commanded the 6th British Airborne Division. In 1945 he was Commander of the 1st British Airborne Corps. He was G.O.C. British Troops, Egypt and Mediterranean Command, 1948-1949. From 1952 to 1957 General Gale was Commander-in-Chief Northern Army Group Allied Forces, Europe, and British Army of the Rhine.

World Affairs

QUEMOY AND THE CHALLENGE OF COMMUNISM

By JOHN CONNELL

A FORTNIGHT in Israel (whose inhabitants have achieved a mood which combines alert vigilance, equanimity and self-confidence) and a fortnight in a quiet old house in a fold of the Lammermuirs induce a certain robust detachment from the concerns which, it seems, are agitating the chancelleries of much of the world, the taverns of Fleet Street and the lobbies of the United Nations' General Assembly. When last I wrote about China in these pages, it was in the attempt to assess the effect of Mao Tse-Tung's peremptory exercise of authority over Khrushchev; now, to the accompaniment of a protracted and murderous roll of gunfire, the Chinese People's Republic has entered the field of international crisis on its own account, and has brought the world to the verge of war—if the Left Wing weeklies, which after a blessed period of absence and refreshment I have felt it my duty to read again, are to be believed.

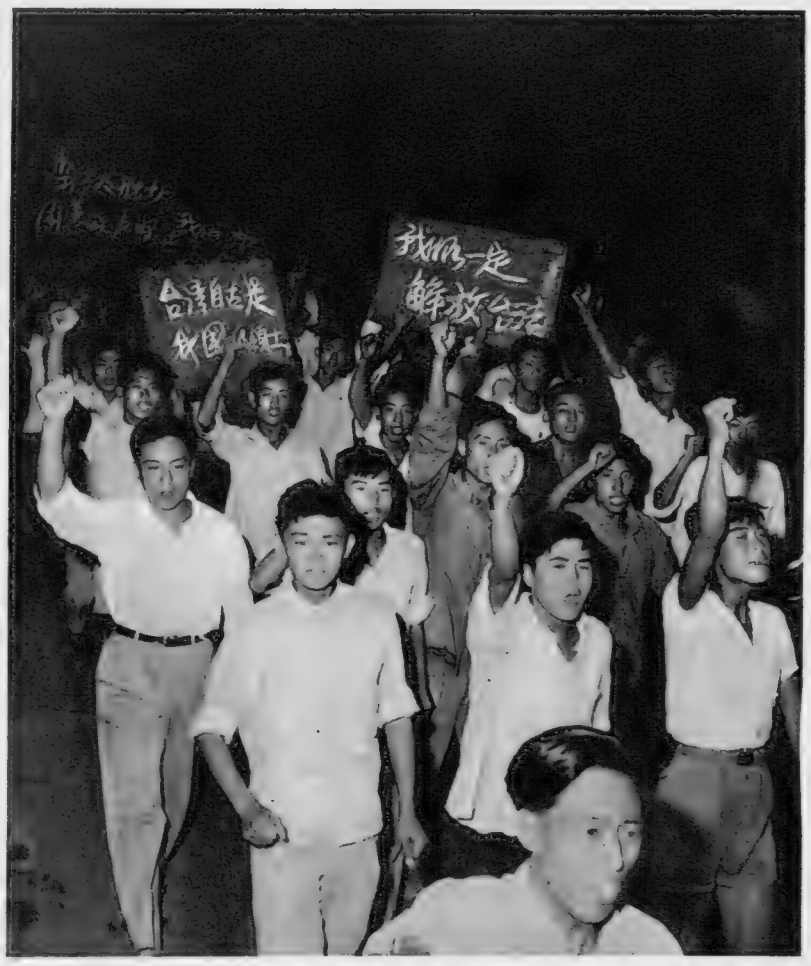
There is a shrill, hysterical edge to many of the comments on the grim, complex and disagreeable Quemoy affair, a capacity to mix dislike and distrust of the British Government, hatred of the United States and grovelling fear of our joint enemies, which I, at any rate, find distastefully reminiscent of the same persons' temper and outlook over Suez two years ago. They are a bad lot, and they exercise an inordinate influence. There was one leading article in particular, which I read in the slow, serene dusk of a golden Scottish day, which was a long squeal of fear-steeped bitterness against Mr. Dulles, the State Department and the U.S. armed forces, with a gibe or two at Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, and not a breath of criticism of the Chinese Communists, whose aggression has provoked the whole crisis. I had spent the whole of that day fulfilling an aspiration which I have cherished for close on forty years, trudging stolidly through the heather and across the peat-bogs to the cairn at the top of Lammer Law; and my companions on this enterprise were several curlew, a multitude of larks, a single alarmed and fussy grouse (he needn't have worried; my disarmament, though unilateral, was total), and a number of sheep, whose manners and diction struck me as distinctly better than those of the Back Bench M.P.s whom, in other respects, they so signally resemble. My *morale*, therefore, was not noticeably shaken by this diatribe.

Would it have been, were I in what is so wittily called "close touch"? The Chinese Communists' artillery assault on Quemoy only becomes comprehensible if it is seen as part of a deliberate and calculated expression of Communist global strategy; it cannot be considered in isolation any more than twenty years ago the Nazis' campaign to detach the Sudetenland from Czechoslovakia could be considered in isolation. That was why President Eisenhower was justified in recalling Munich, and those who reject this analogy (they call it "the Munich neurosis") are wrong. They have clamoured for British disengagement from support, implicit or explicit, of American policy and actions; and Mr. Gaitskell, by leading the clamour, has given one more exhibition of his capacity, so memorably displayed at the time of Suez, for saying—loudly and crossly—the wrong thing in the wrong way at the wrong time.

Those who have sought Britain's non-involvement have condemned Mr. Dulles' "savage intransigence," and in almost the same breath they have sneeringly remembered the American attitude towards Anglo-French policy and actions over Suez. What, in fact, have they been asking? They have demanded a major capitulation in face of Communist aggression, which in its moral and practical results would be as calamitous as the Suez catastrophe, and would in every respect be strictly comparable to Munich. To urge that because the United States dissociated itself from Britain and France over Suez Britain should now dissociate herself from the United States is merely to say that, because the West showed its own disunity in face of its enemies then, that sad and perilous self-exposure should be repeated now. It is faulty in logic, dangerous on empirical grounds and morally despicable. If there is one lesson that the past thirteen years have taught, it is this: when we have put up a front of unity—as with Marshall Aid, the Berlin Air-lift and Korea—the enemy has suffered a reverse; when we have been disunited—Indo-China and Suez are glaring examples—the enemy has accordingly profited.

There is a fundamental issue of principle which not all the welter of politico-legalistic detail can obscure: the Chinese Communists have attempted by violent armed aggression to alter the *status quo* in the Far East. It may or may not be "savagely intransigent" of Mr. Dulles to muster resistance to this attempt, but resistance to armed aggression is what the United Nations Organisation exists for, and every member-State of the United Nations is committed to such resistance. The case for the British and French action over Suez, by the by, rests on precisely the same grounds: Nasser, with Russian backing, and having obtained control not only of the former British base and installations, but of the international waterway as well, was in the softening-up phase (*fedayin* assaults) of a major attack on Israel; that Israel struck first and smashed the attack does not affect this moral and legal case, which was overlooked in the whole storm of ill-informed and sentimental controversy.

In the present crisis Quemoy may geographically be as much part of mainland China as Long Island is part of the United States; Chiang Kai-shek may be a corrupt puppet dictator (so was, and is, Syngman Rhee, but South Korea continues to exist and has not been swallowed up in Chinese-controlled North Korea). Britain may have accorded diplomatic recognition to Communist China, and the United States has not. There may indeed have been a danger that precipitate U.S. action could have initiated a world war—though not, in my view, to the extent proclaimed by British Left-Wing critics of any and all American action. None of these factors, however, materially affects the issue of principle.



"ADVANCE AND CONQUEST": In Peking students march in a mass demonstration for the "liberation of Formosa." The Communists' challenge in the Far East cannot be isolated from their belief in world revolution and domination.

Is aggression to be resisted or is it not? Fear will always counsel non-resistance; because atomic weapons are so demonstrably terrible in their impact, and because both sides have numerous atomic weapons, strategic as well as tactical, at their disposal, fear—naked, shivering, shameless fear—is having a long, noisy innings. No responsible adult individual has any right to say that he is not afraid of another major war, and extremely afraid of a war in which all these hellish instruments of mass-destruction are let loose. When I meditate upon such a prospect, my belly turns to water. But if as a nation, or a group of nations, we let this fear overrule every other consideration—if we always put it first and yelp "Atomic war—too horrible to contemplate!", and then scurry to get on terms with the aggressor—we condemn ourselves, and our civilisation, to a moral and spiritual death in the end more destructive and more agonising than the most dreadful results of radio-activity.

I revert to Josh Wedgwood's remark which I quoted here a couple of weeks ago: "I do dislike belonging to a race of clucking old hens and damned cowards." The people of this country are not clucking old hens and damned cowards; but these are apt epithets for too many who claim to speak in their name. They are making a fearful boo-hoo now. I am reminded of the middle '30's, when respected personages, like Philip Noel-Baker and Vera Brittain and C. E. M. Joad, poured out little pamphlets, telling those of us who were young then how frightful would be the material and physical havoc wrought on us and on our world by the next war. In one respect they were right enough—there was great havoc; but the flabby, self-pitying fear which pacifist propaganda induced was an evil emotion, and it took the stern disciplines of harsh vicissitudes to exorcise it. It is a sombre experience to listen to the same kind of people uttering the same kind of lamentation close on a quarter of a century later. It is interesting, however, to perceive what real effect they have.

Prediction in politics is a pastime in which I have learned to indulge as rarely as possible. I am a commentator and a reporter, not a soothsayer. But I can venture one prophecy of a negative character: the Far Eastern crisis, like the Middle Eastern crisis, like the European crisis (of which divided Germany and the satellite slave-States of Eastern Europe are abiding manifestations), will not be resolved suddenly or spectacularly. The Far Eastern crisis is probably the most intractable and deep-seated of all. It would be idle to think that, whatever patched-up settlement is reached over the offshore islands, the Chinese Communists will abandon their attempts to get Formosa into their hands and overthrow Chiang Kai-shek. It is just as idle to think that they will not, at a time which they deem to be most inconvenient and most embarrassing to the Western Alliance, raise a new rumpus over Hong Kong. Hong Kong at present is extremely useful to them; but that usefulness, from our point of view, is a short-term asset. It can and will be converted, not at our discretion but at the Peking Government's discretion, into a major liability, bristling with perplexity and pain.

The acceptance of Quemoy as a United Nations responsibility, the "neutralisation" of Formosa (whatever that may mean), even the entry of Communist China into the United Nations, will none of them, separately or collectively, diminish the real challenge.

That challenge is strictly revolutionary. It is the Communists' belief not only that their order of society ought to supersede ours throughout the world, but that it must. This is an article of absolute faith, on which they do not compromise. Retreat or standstill is for them merely tactical: it is to advance and conquest that they are committed. Until the final victory of Communism they are at war with the rest of us. An occasional truce may be necessary, peace never—until they have won. It is no use, therefore, arguing that, even if the Warsaw talks fail, or any other negotiations fail, the Communist rulers of mainland China are bound in the end, since they are not "insane militarists," to listen to reason. This is not the point. They are perfectly sane, but their reasoning is not our reasoning. They know that they are at war with us, and they know that they are going to win. To prove that an illusion is our task. Shelling Quemoy and entering into ambassadorial or semi-summit or summit talks have precisely the same meaning and value to them; they are actions deliberately undertaken to do the maximum amount of harm to the capitalist-imperialist enemy.

It is perfectly true that the Communists, whether in Moscow or Peking, have no Wagnerian death-wish; it is an axiom of faith to them that they will conquer the world, not that they will annihilate it. But they believe that our society is animated by a death-wish; and that is why they fear atomic war. Our trouble is not simply that we fear it too (we would be insane if we did not), but that we are letting fear be our master, instead of our servant and instrument. The Communists' greatest victories have been achieved by fear; they can be held in check by fear, and in the end defeated by fear.

H.M.S. "ANSON" IS BROKEN UP IN SCOTLAND: On the deck of the fifteen-year-old battleship, which is berthed at Faslane, on the Gare Loch, men are proceeding with t of demolition amid pieces of twisted and broken metal which once formed part of the battleship's superstructure. The armoured plating is to be shipped to the fo H.M.S. *Anson* is one of the four battleships of the King George V class which are all being scrapped to comply with a decision which was announced in last year's Naval Es

BREAKING-U "ANSON"

The 35,000-ton Battleship is of the Four of the King Geo Class being Scrapped

H.M.S. *Anson* was the first of t battleships of the King G class to go to the breakers' yard. sister-ship, H.M.S. *Duke of York*, been allocated to Shipbreaking In Limited, a subsidiary of the Metal In Group, and is being broken up at on the Gare Loch, an inlet of the Rive The two other ships of the same c *King George V* and *Howe*; all fo laid down in 1937 and saw service the Second World War. The dec demolish the vessels was taken last ye it had been decided that there was no requirement for the battleship as su the modern navy the accent is on sma faster vessels, as well as guided-weap and aircraft-carriers, the most up-to- which is H.M.S. *Victorious*, which h returned to the Fleet after underg extensive programme of rebuilding.

On left—

SHE WILL SERVE NO MORE: A small pa superstructure is about to be ashore after being lifted by cra the deck of the 35,000-ton bat H.M.S. *Anson*, built by Swan, Hun Wigham Richardson, was laid d July 1937, and launched in Februar

THE BREAKERS' YARD: A general view of the breakers' yard at Faslane, where many types of vessels end their days. In the foreground the breaking-up of the *Anson* is in progress. It is a long and intricate job and the two men standing on the remains of the deck are preparing to stack the cut armoured plating into containers so that it can be shipped to foundries. In the same yard, berthed near *Anson*, is H.M.S. *Duke of York*. The breaking-up of this battleship is not in such an advanced stage as her sister-ship.

LAST DAYS OF A GREAT BATTLESHIP: The overall view of *Anson* shows her hull badly scarred with blistering paint and her deck covered with debris from the breaking-up operations. With the end of the four ships of the King George V class, Britain's only remaining battleship is H.M.S. *Vanguard*, which is in reserve. She is at Portsmouth and is being used as an accommodation ship. In addition to the naval vessels which are being broken up there are also old liners whose days of useful service have come to an end.

A JET AIRCRAFT CRASHES INTO THE SEA OVER THE SIDE OF H.M.S. "VICTORIOUS": A helicopter, which was flying above the carrier as a Scimitar came in to land on the angled flight-deck, lowers a rating to the water in an abortive attempt to rescue the pilot. The tailplane of the aircraft is still visible on the surface some two minutes after the crash. The pilot, Commander J. D. Russell, commanding officer of the Navy's No. 803 Squadron, died in the accident. Some eyewitnesses on board the aircraft-carrier said that two Scimitars arrived overhead and made three dummy landings each. The leader then came in and made what appeared to be a perfect landing. "His trailing hook caught an arrester wire and as the aircraft came to a stop the wire suddenly broke. Flight-deck ratings scattered as the wire shot across the deck." The aircraft slid over the side into the sea. It was on the surface for about two minutes. An eyewitness said, "We could see clearly Commander Russell opening and shutting his cockpit but he didn't seem able to get out." The carrier and her Whirlwind helicopters searched the area south of Selsey Bill for about an hour. *Victorious* sailed for Gibraltar to join the Mediterranean Fleet after eight years' rebuilding.

Instant of Tragedy

On Board the Royal Navy's New Aircraft-Carrier in the English Channel

On right—

TRAPPED IN THE COCKPIT: As the sea breaks over his Scimitar, Commander Russell removes his oxygen mask preparatory to attempting to escape. He was the commander of the first squadron of Scimitars to be embarked on the *Victorious*.

"Forgotten Man" of The Soviet Union

Molotov in His Role as the Russian Ambassador to the Mongolian People's Republic

Exclusive Pictures and Article by JORGEN BISCH

AMONG the diplomats watching the Anniversary Day parade in Red Square in Ulan Bator was a grey-haired figure who had once had his likeness carried in Communist processions in just the same way as large portraits of Khrushchev and other Soviet leaders were being brought past us on the present occasion. Indeed, long before anyone in the West knew the name, let alone the appearance, of the present Russian Prime Minister, that face over there had been familiar to millions all the world over from the picture pages of newspapers. Here in the capital of the remote Mongolian People's Republic was Vyacheslav Mikhailovich Molotov.

The time was last July, and it was just a year since he had been expelled from the Presidium of the Central Committee of the Russian Communist Party—the ruling circle of the Kremlin—and from the Soviet Government. Like Khrushchev, he was once Prime Minister of his country, but throughout the world he will be chiefly remembered as one of the toughest representatives Russia ever sent to the international conference tables as Foreign Minister, especially because of his frequent repetition of the word "No."

His appointment to the post of Russian Ambassador in the distant autonomous and Communist Republic of Mongolia was generally regarded as exile. Certainly he is one of the Soviet's "Forgotten Men," for his name, like so many others who enjoyed past greatness in Russia, is rarely, if ever, mentioned in public. I had plenty of opportunities of studying and photographing the Molotov of to-day, and on one occasion I talked with him during my stay in Ulan Bator. I was invited there this year, through the Mongolian Embassy in Peking, for the annual anniversary celebrations of the foundation of the Republic in July 1921. I was on my way back to my homeland, Denmark, after spending several months in Borneo.

Let it be said that the vast territories of the Mongolian Republic (sometimes known as Outer Mongolia), which have an area estimated at 587,000 square miles (ten times the size of England and Wales), are for the most part wild, primitive and often not properly mapped. Ulan Bator itself is something of a surprise. It possesses several modern buildings and a Red Square which includes an exact replica of the Lenin Mausoleum in Moscow. Cars and other motor vehicles drive through the streets, although for the bulk of those who came to the anniversary celebrations the means of transport was horse or foot.

It is, of course, a Communist country. After the Bolshevik Revolution, White Russian forces were driven out and the Red Republic proclaimed. The usual Communist methods are followed with foreign visitors. I was assigned an interpreter and a "camera assistant." They were with me wherever I went. At the beginning I was perplexed by the need for my having the "assistant." Soon I discovered that every time I took a picture, he took one too, from exactly the same angle. Even when I was photographing Molotov.

I first saw the Soviet Ambassador on the evening of the day of my arrival in the Mongolian capital. He was in a box at the theatre for a gala performance. I had never seen him before in the flesh. My memory had retained pictures from years ago of an immobile, unemotional face with a dark moustache and pince-nez. Now age had slightly altered the appearance—the moustache was grey—but there was no mistaking who he was, dressed in a dark suit and one of the few Europeans present. As I took some pictures through a tele-lens, I had the impression that the Ambassador was staring at me and aware of what I was doing.

The next day I saw him again, and at closer quarters. A sports meeting for the national pastimes of wrestling and archery was being held in extreme heat. Molotov was wearing a white suit, panama hat and sun glasses. His wife and two small grandchildren were with him. Madame Molotov was smartly dressed, and I recalled that when her husband was Foreign Minister she was Chief of the Soviet Perfume and Cosmetic Trust. There was a story that she used to say: "My husband is working with the citizens' souls, I work with their faces."

Under the blazing sun they looked an ordinary family group, exceptional for being European among so many Asiatics, but that was all. Presently, past habits of life in the highest posts and important positions began to reassert themselves. In my eagerness to obtain good pictures of the Russians, I was approaching them nearer and nearer with my cameras. I feared this might be thought disrespectful to the Ambassador.

But Molotov, the politician and statesman, behaved as professionally as I. Years of experience had taught him how to pose in public. He avoided looking into my camera and made only the slowest movements, so that I got good photographs. When I brought out the film camera, he needed no reminder that I wanted action. He took off his hat, mopped his brow with his handkerchief and placed the handkerchief on his head, giving the impression of groaning under the heat. He also put a handkerchief over the head of his granddaughter. When I finished he gave me an affable smile.

Our third encounter was more distant and formal. As already related, I and my camera (and, of course, our "assistant") observed him at the Republic Day parade. He apparently had not been invited to join the V.I.P.s on the Government rostrum, although some of his fellow-countrymen were there. He took his place in the box reserved for the Diplomatic Corps. He was wearing uniform and many orders and decorations. He stood showing no feelings, but naturally I wondered whether he was calling to mind times of Soviet pomp and circumstance when he had been at the elbow of Stalin.

Our final meeting was personal. In the crowded atmosphere of a Government reception I was sampling the caviare at one of the tables loaded with food and drink when I felt a tap on my shoulder. It was my interpreter, somewhat confused, who stammered out the introduction: "Monsieur Bisch—Monsieur Molotov." In a deep voice the Ambassador spoke to me in French: "Well, we already know each other. In any case, we have seen each other, yesterday and the day before."

I must admit I felt distinctly embarrassed. Had I been too aggressive with my cameras? Molotov, however, failed to notice my blushes and waved to a servant who brought us a tray with glasses. Kumis, fermented mare's milk, is the national drink of the country and strongly alcoholic. I said to myself: "Here am I drinking a cocktail with Molotov, even if it is not a Molotov cocktail."

After some conversation about the extreme heat, how the weather compared with Denmark and my trip to Borneo, I plucked up courage (or, maybe, it was the Kumis) and apologised for having taken so many pictures of him. "What nonsense," he replied. "You were welcome. But my little granddaughter got quite frightened when you put on the big tele-lens. You wanted an ultra close-up, didn't you?"

We exchanged another toast. With an almost jovial air, the man whose humourless, stubborn negatives used to be the despair of half the world, passed on.

His name means "Hammer," and he took it in his distant days as an underground Communist, just as his associate Djugashvili adopted the title of Stalin—"Man of Steel." Has the "Hammer" now lost its force? For the brutal policies of Red Russia both at home and abroad, for nearly four decades, Molotov must bear his full share of responsibility.

My own impression is that at the age of sixty-eight he is content to be in Ulan Bator, far away from the turmoil of the power politics of Moscow. But in the present state of relations between the Soviet Union and the ever-increasing power of Communist China, Mongolia can be an important factor. The Russian Ambassador there may find his post of considerable significance and the world may still feel the weight of strokes from the "Hammer."

AWAY FROM IT ALL—MOLOTOV IN MONGOLIA: He is seen at the theatre in Ulan Bator, the capital of the Mongolian People's Republic (Outer Mongolia), where he is the Soviet Ambassador. He was sent to this post last year after his expulsion from the ruling circle of the Kremlin and his removal from senior Government and Russian Communist Party Offices.

(Further pictures on following pages)

MOSCOW IN THE FAR EAST : The President of the Mongolian Republic and other members of the Government are gathered for the celebrations in Red Square in Ulan Bator, on the anniversary of the foundation of their Communist State. They are standing in front of a replica of the Lenin Mausoleum in Red Square in Moscow.

THE AMBASSADOR AT A SPORTS CONTEST: ... the centre background Mr. Molotov, ... a panama hat and dark glasses, is wi... his wife and one of his granddaughte... They are watching an archery competiti... in the Outer Mongolian capital. ... familiar small moustache, perhaps gre... a little greyer, is still on the upper lip ... the mouth from which international co... ferences so often heard the word "N...

"FORGOTTEN MAN" OF THE SOVIET UNIO...

SYMBOLS OF PEACE : Men and women, accompanied by children, carry carved doves on poles in the procession on Republic Day. *On right*—Bunches of flowers and red and blue flags of Mongolia are another feature of the parade. Civilians had a larger share in it than soldiers. Banners proclaimed increases in factory production.

A NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP : There are many entries for th... annual wrestling championship, a popular and traditiona... sport. The champion is given the title of People's Her...

THE FACE OF DESTINY: A portrait of Mr. Khrushchev is at the end of a line of large pictures of Soviet leaders being carried through Ulan Bator. It is generally believed that the present Russian Prime Minister was largely responsible for the dismissal of Molotov from Moscow in June 1957.

THE ANNIVERSARY PARADE: A band plays in the middle of Red Square in Ulan Bator as Mr. Molotov arrives at the diplomats' box. He did not have a place on the Mongolian Government's rostrum. The Russian Ambassador wears an olive-green uniform and the decorations and honours awarded him during his long services to the Soviet Union. In the years before the Bolshevik Revolution Molotov was frequently arrested and exiled or imprisoned. Long before he became an internationally known figure as Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs and later Foreign Minister, he was one of the most powerful figures in Russia, being Prime Minister for several years and close to Stalin in directing the purges in the late '20's and in the '30's.

A POST OF NO IMPORTANCE?: Mr. Molotov sits in a box at the theatre in Ulan Bator with members of the Russian delegation to the Mongolian anniversary celebrations. Since Mongolia is a buffer state between the U.S.S.R. and China, his role as Ambassador may not be entirely insignificant.

On right—

REMOTE BUT MODERN: Motor vehicles are parked on the Red Square, and behind the replica of Moscow's Lenin Mausoleum is a vast white building. Ulan Bator—"Town of the Red Hero"—has an estimated population of between 80,000 and 100,000.

THE LURE OF SHARK FISHING IN BRITAIN

Looe, in Cornwall, is the Most Famous British Shark-fishing Centre: Like Many Other Fishing Centres it Holds an Annual Sea-angling Festival

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

FROM mid-September until October 15 Looe holds a sea-angling festival. Many other places—among them Bridlington, Hastings, Scarborough, Teignmouth, Torquay, Weymouth and Worthing—also hold sea-angling festivals, most of them lasting several days and some of them several weeks. Obviously, there must be a good deal in a sea-angling festival. I must have been—indeed, I am certain that I have been—in one or another of these places while the event was on, and I cannot say that I have ever been aware of any unusual festivity beyond the normal end-of-the-season frolics common to English seaside resorts. In fact, I have never actually seen a sea-angling festival, so I thought I would go to Looe which has, in recent years, become very famous in the sea-fishing world.

The title intrigues me anyway. The word "festival" is defined in my dictionary as "festal day, celebration, merry-making: periodic musical performance(s) of special importance." None of this, it seems to me, has anything whatever to do with fishing. Let me add that I speak as a fisherman, albeit an unskilled one. I have been an addict since childhood, starting at the age of eight or thereabouts, trying to take eels from a Welsh stream with a worm-baited hook and a piece of coarse string. Over the years I have tried my inexpert hand at pretty well everything from flounders to tunny. During that time I have lost a great many fish and met a great many fishermen.

I like fishing and I like fishermen. But, on the whole, I should not have said that fishermen (excluding trawlermen and the like) are convivial souls: at least, not while practising their art. The very nature of their art is against it. Fishing—game fishing, coarse fishing or sea fishing, but not, perhaps, big-game fishing—is a quiet, contemplative art, which requires great concentration and is best pursued in solitude.

Remembering the angling clubs (the long line of men squatting on a canal bank on a Saturday afternoon), and remembering the crowded pier-heads all around our shores, you may well think that solitude is the wrong word. But if you walk along a canal bank on a Saturday afternoon you will hear remarkably little conversation, and the crowded pier-head will be almost silent. Each man is withdrawn, wrapped within himself; unconscious of the man a foot or two away or, if conscious of him, wishing him much further away. Indeed, you can spend a week-end at a fishing pub and never exchange more than a grunt or two with your fellow artists: which is very restful. Mind you, I would not have you think that fishing is a sad business. Far from it: but it is, in essence, a secretive one. The man who does not like solitude and his own company will never make a fisherman.

This, naturally, affects celebration. Foxhunters, lacrosse-players, rugby footballers and others accustomed to the hurly-burly, may roister in large companies, but the true fisherman will celebrate some noteworthy occasion with one or two friends of a like mind and will enliven the occasion with one or two tallish stories concerning fish and not with part songs. Or so I should have thought, drawing upon past experience. But this word "festival" in connection with sea angling made me wonder, so I went to Looe during the festival, and if I had not known it was on, I should never have guessed. Still, Looe is an extremely nice place, sea-angling festival or not. Actually, there are two Looes—East and West—separated by the Looe River. East Looe is the original Looe, for West Looe used to be known as Porthbyhan. I do not know when that name went out of use, but it must have been a long time ago, long before the old fifteenth-century bridge spanning the Looe River—it was the only bridge in Cornwall to have a chapel in the middle of it—was pulled down. Now the two Looes are joined by a pleasant bridge and form one Urban District.

I use that term deliberately, for Looe has never managed to become a town. In the same way (though a very popular holiday resort) it has somehow managed to avoid becoming a seaside resort. This, I hasten to add, is a compliment. Mind you, I do not think that this has been the result of deliberate policy on the part of the district fathers. I suspect that Looe would dearly love to become a seaside resort in the accepted sense of the term and, furthermore, suspect that it would dearly love to be twenty times larger than it is and to have a hundred times the tourist traffic every year. Geography has ruled otherwise. The valley, at the mouth of which it is situated, is not wide and the two rivers (the East Looe and the West Looe, which join only just inland of the bridge) have carved steep-walled pathways for themselves. There simply is not space for any great expansion. There is not even the space to follow the fashion dictated by modern motoring and straighten out the streets. They still meander about like footpaths (which once, no doubt, they were), and are the more charming for so doing. There is something else that has saved Looe—the railway facilities. You cannot go direct to Looe by rail from anywhere in Britain except from Liskeard: you have to change at Liskeard. The journey down the winding valley between the steep woods and the water is one of the most delightful in England. But nowadays nobody likes to change trains (especially if they have a lot of luggage) if it can be avoided.

So Looe, despite a good deal of building and (for its size) a lot of hotels and guest houses, despite the motor-coaches and the cars, remains atmospherically a small fishing community. The natural occupation of the male portion of the native population is still fishing, even if tourism occupies a good deal of the attention of their womenfolk through the summer months. Now, the small inshore-fisheries of Britain are in decline. There is no getting away from that. This is particularly true, I think, of those of Cornwall. They have, indeed, disappeared altogether from some of the small fishing ports around the Cornish coast, and tourism, pure and simple, has taken their place. Under modern conditions commercial fishing certainly would not provide sufficient support for the native male population of Looe, and one would find here, as elsewhere, the young men going off to other employments and the industry dying a slow death as a result. This has not happened at Looe because a holidaymaker caught a shark. Now Looe is the most famous shark-fishing centre in Britain.

It comes as something of a shock to many people to realise that there are sharks in British waters. Remembering the blood-curdling tales of man-eaters, it was comforting to think of them as fish of tropical waters only. Even the advent of the underwater film on television, with its insistence on the timidity of sharks, has not wholly dispelled the memory of those boyhood stories. Well, there are sharks all around our shores—basking sharks, blue sharks, mako sharks, porbeagle sharks, thresher sharks, tope, and no doubt others—at one time or another throughout the year. In summer there are plenty of them in the English Channel. They occur all around our coasts and are taken at quite a number of places. But it is only at Looe that they have become an industry, and that only recently.

Looe is the headquarters of the Shark Angling Club of Great Britain. This is a very ably-run and extremely go-ahead body with a quiet genius for publicity prompted by the right sort of enthusiasm. You cannot just join the S.A.C.G.B. It is not a matter of being proposed and seconded and paying a subscription. You have got to catch a shark—and a shark of a respectable size. It says a great deal for the management of the S.A.C.G.B. that an increasing number of people spend more time each year shark fishing, determined to become members of this still exclusive club. It does Looe a lot of good, too. It has revived the fishing industry, because it is quite an expensive item hiring a shark-boat. The simple truth of the matter is that shark-fishing depends—or at least 90 per cent. of it does—on the boatman. Certainly, this is true of the blue shark, which forms the bulk of the catch. The skippers of the shark-boats know the blue shark grounds virtually as well as they know their own front doors. This does not mean to say that you have merely got to find the right skipper and you are as good as a member of the S.A.C.G.B. even before you have got your feet wet. But it must help quite a lot. Certainly a great many blue sharks are caught each year now between June and October.

IN PURSUIT OF SHARKS: *Left*—**Anglers prepare their tackle on board a launch which has just left Looe, in Cornwall, for a day's excursion.** *Right*—**Mrs. Betty Eathorne, of Brixham, Devon, stands by the porbeagle shark which she caught while angling about twelve miles off Looe last year. The monster weighs 19 stone 5 lb., and the Shark Angling Club of Great Britain, of which Mrs. Eathorne is a member, has claimed it as a world record. Mrs. Eathorne played the shark for 1 hour 20 minutes before bringing it in.**

I do not know anything about sea-angling festivals, even after visiting Looe during one, and I do not know anything about shark fishing, even though I have listened to a great deal of talk about it. I got the impression that, perhaps, a good deal of the blue shark fishing was not quite as skilful as it might be and that the tackle used was often a little heavy for the fish. Of course, you do get some really big sharks off Looe—porbeagle and mako—and the blue shark can reach quite a considerable weight, so perhaps the heavy tackle is "just in case." But most of the blue sharks off Looe do not run very big. J. H. Bennett has a story of a man who caught a 38-lb. blue shark on a pike rod, which sounds much more exciting than hauling one out on tackle which does not give it a chance.

But, as I say, I do not know anything about it. I went to see what a sea-angling festival could be: I came away, my imagination fired by the thought of catching a shark. This is one fish I have never fished for. Next year I am going to try. I wonder if I shall hold the same views about tackle then?

BUILDING FOR THE FUTURE

At Bradwell-on-Sea, in Essex, a Nuclear Power Station Takes Shape

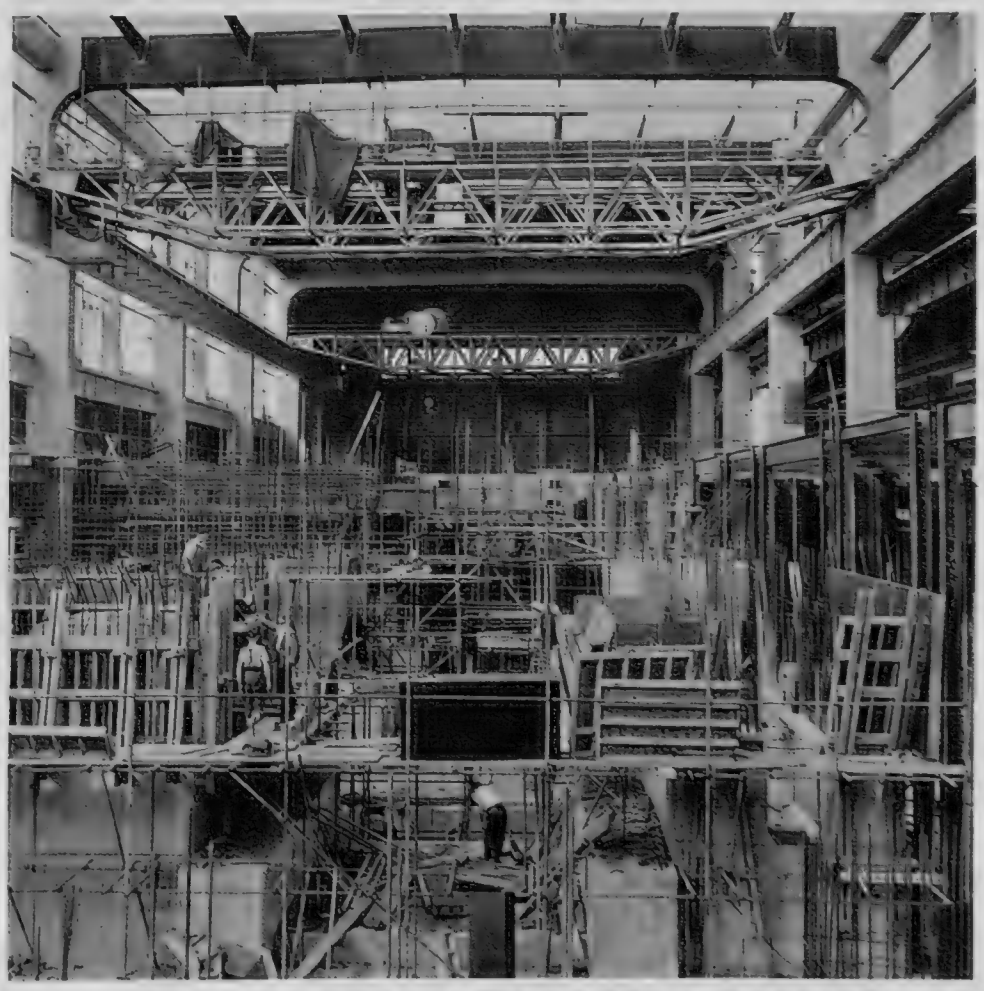
Bradwell Nuclear Power Station, situated on the southern side of the estuary of the River Blackwater, in Essex, is one of the first two nuclear power stations to be built in England. Construction began in January 1957, and at the rate of present progress the station should be ready to go on load for the winter of 1960-61. It is being built for the Central Electricity Generating Board by the Nuclear Power Plant Co., Ltd. The main generating plant will consist of six turbo-generators, each rated at 52,500 kW. Auxiliary power for pumping the heat transfer medium—carbon dioxide—through the reactor and the heat exchangers will be provided by three variable speed turbo-generators, each rated at 20,500 kW.

The steam will be raised in the heat exchangers—six for each reactor—at two pressures. These are 755 and 195 lb./sq. in. at 704 deg. Fah., and the steam pipe arrangement is such that two heat exchangers are grouped to supply one turbo-alternator. Each reactor will consist of a vertical cylinder of graphite blocks containing about 2,600 fuel elements for uranium rods, and the reactor will be contained within a steel sphere to withstand the carbon-dioxide pressure of 130 lb./sq. in.

At the moment the greater part of civil engineering work has been completed and delivery of the mechanical parts has begun. No. 1 reactor house is well advanced, and sections of the spherical pressure vessel are being welded within the biological shield. Three of the six heat exchangers for this reactor have been erected by "Goliath," the overhead girder-type crane, which can straddle the completed reactor buildings.

No. 2 reactor is also progressing satisfactorily. In the turbine house the foundation block for the first machine has been poured and work is in hand on the remaining foundations.

PROGRESS ON THE REACTORS AT THE NUCLEAR POWER STATION IN ESSEX: The camera looks into the pit of No. 2 reactor, which is surrounded by a network of tubular-steel scaffolding. Three carbon dioxide circulating gas ducts can be seen going through the biological shield. The station is being built for the Central Electricity Generating Board by the Nuclear Power Plant Co. Ltd. It covers an area of 140 acres.



EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR WORK: *Left*—The view is of the No. 1 reactor with three heat exchangers in position. Each weighs 200 tons, is 90 ft. in length and has a diameter of 20 ft. The exchangers were floated down the coast to Bradwell from Thornaby-on-Tees, earlier this year. They were lifted into position by the "Goliath" crane, the largest and most powerful of its kind in the country. *Right*—In the roof of the turbine house, two girder-type cranes are in position ready to lift or lower material as required.

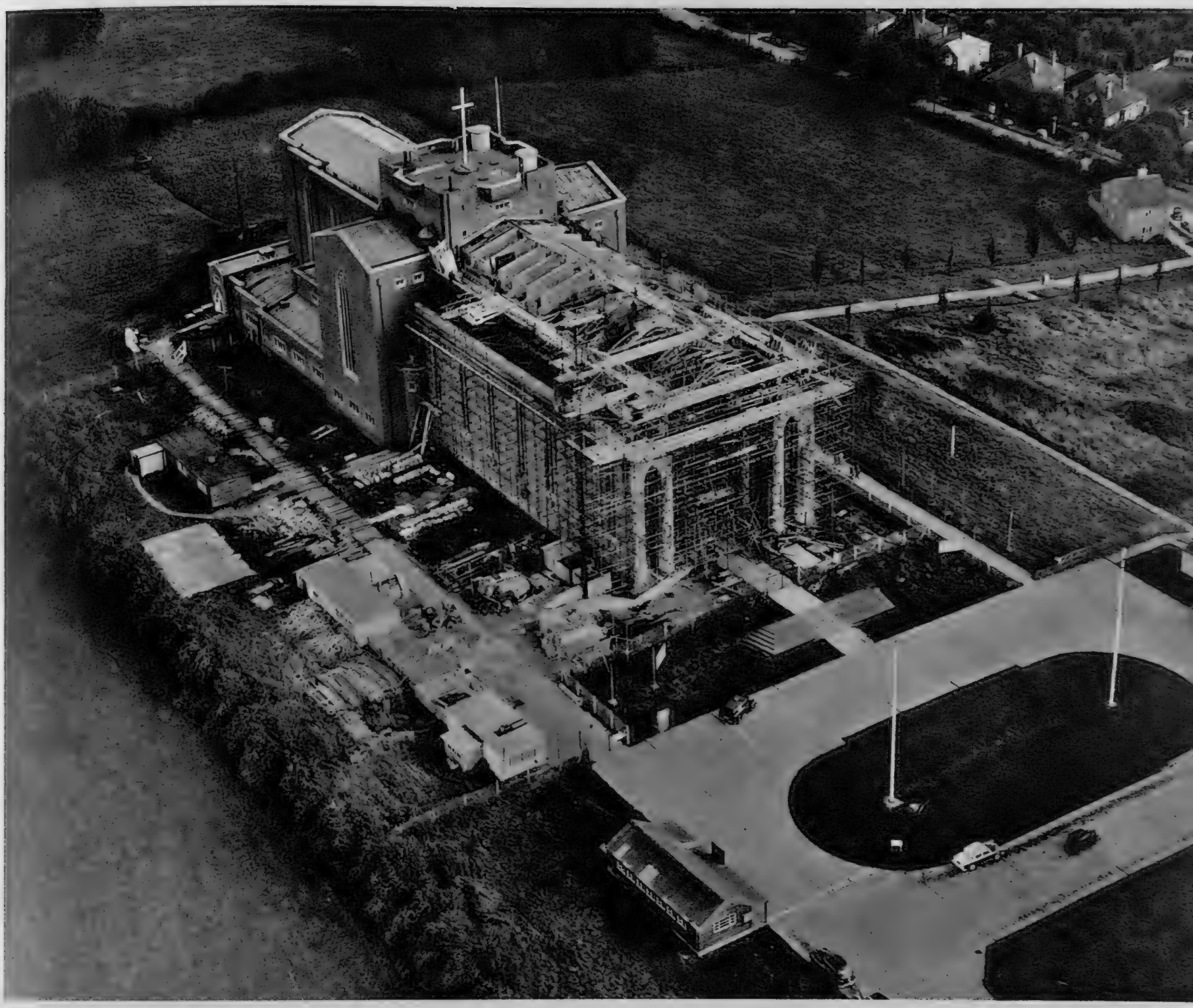
SHAPE OF A NEW CATHEDRAL: The spire, on the right, of the old Coventry Cathedral rises above the ruins of the main body of the building destroyed by the savage German bombing during the war. To the left are the walls of the nave of the new Cathedral. They are now 50 ft. high, more than half their ultimate height. Their zig-zag shape is a feature of Mr. Basil Spence's design. Centre is Holy Trinity Church and in foreground a section of Garden Square in Broadgate.

THE NEW COVENTRY

Progress in Rebuilding the Midland City

On right—

PATTERN OF TRADE AND COMMERCE: Towards the left background is Garden Square with its statue of Lady Godiva in the centre of its lawn. At the right side of the square is the entrance to the Precinct, an ingeniously contrived shopping centre of which the buildings include terraced shops at first-floor level. Vehicles are barred from it. On right is the nearly completed circular retail market which will have a car park on the roof. Both the Aerofilms pictures on this page show the spectacular redevelopment of Coventry.



A CATHEDRAL FROM THE AIR: Surrounded by scaffolding, the walls of the nave assume their final shape, so that it is possible to see the cruciform design of the Cathedral. It is hoped that the church will be finished next year and consecrated in October 1959. Behind the nave is the completed part of the building, the transepts, choir and the 180-ft.-high tower, begun in 1936.

PROGRESS AT GUILDFORD

Work on the Nave Nears Completion

On left—

STANDING HIGH UP ON STAG HILL: Guildford Cathedral, overlooking the town, is surrounded by land given by the late Lord Bennett, former Prime Minister of Canada, to commemorate the Canadian soldiers stationed round Guildford in two world wars. The site was given by the 5th Earl of Onslow. Although traditional in its cruciform plan, the Cathedral uses new ideas and methods in its construction. The exterior is of brickwork with facings of Clipsham stone. Reinforced concrete has been used for the roof vaulting. There are many different decorative materials to be found in its construction. After the acceptance of a design by Sir Edward Maufe, R.A., work started on the building in 1936, when the Archbishop of Canterbury laid the foundation-stone for the dedication of the Cathedral Church of the Holy Spirit in Guildford. The war and a serious lack of funds interrupted progress until 1948 and it was not possible to start work on the nave until April 1955.

COMET 4's ON THE PRODUCTION LINE: Fuselage frames are under construction inside the de Havilland Aircraft Company's northern factory at Broughton, near Chester. The first Comet 4 to be completed at this factory flew to Hatfield recently. It was expected that the delivery of one of these jet airliners to B.O.A.C. would be made not long afterwards.

BUILDING COMET 4's

On the Production Line at Broughton, near Chester; Beaching an American Flying Boat; Aerobatic Gliding

With the advent shortly of the first operational jet airliner services across the Atlantic, public interest has been focused on the Comet 4. One of these aircraft has been busy breaking records on a demonstration tour round the world. Another has been used for training purposes by B.O.A.C. It was expected that a third, the first of the nineteen ordered by B.O.A.C., would be delivered by the makers sometime last week-end. Pan American announced that their inaugural flight with a Boeing 707 between New York and Paris would be on October 26. But there is an increasing wave of optimism in British aviation circles that the Comet may well be the first in service. Delivery dates for Comets have been better than expected. It seems possible that a Comet may be in operational service from London to New York by the end of October. Meanwhile, talks started in Paris between representatives of the international airports in New York, London and Paris to ascertain a common operations procedure for jet airliners and to consider the problem of noise.

EACHING VEHICLE FOR A FLYING-BOAT: The vehicle, used by the U.S. Navy P6M Seamasters, is towed into the water at the Martin Company's seadrome in Baltimore. It has flotation tanks and can be moored in the water unattended when not in use. On being engaged, hydraulically-operated circular pressure pads grip the seaplane hull and steering and braking mechanism are brought into use on land. *On far left*—A Seamaster heads for the concrete landing ramp on the beaching vehicle which is submerged beneath the water. *On left*—The wheels of the vehicle touch the concrete ramp as the flying-boat taxies out of the water. Of advanced design, the Seamaster is a four-jet, swept-wing, high-performance flying-boat intended primarily for mine-laying and photographic reconnaissance.

ALMOST COMPLETED : At the Broughton factory, workers swarm over the wings and fuselage of a Comet 4. The air intakes for two of the jet engines can be clearly seen. Nineteen Comet 4's have been ordered by B.O.A.C. and six more by B.E.A. The first of the type made its maiden flight in April this year.

AN AEROBATIC CONTEST FOR GLIDERS : Some of the sailplanes taking part in the contest organised by the London Gliding Club are surrounded by cars and onlookers at Dunstable Downs, in Bedfordshire. There were seventeen entries from seven gliding clubs. The judges awarded the first prize to Mr. David Ince, of the Surrey Gliding Club. His performance in an Olympia 415 included flying upside down. The second prize was won by Flight-Lieutenant J. R. Ayers, of the Army Gliding Club, flying a Skylark II. Mr. D. A. Smith, of the London Gliding Club, who was in a Slingsby Swallow, gained the third prize.

TO CHART BRITAIN'S COASTS

A New Survey Vessel, H.M.S. "Echo," for the Royal Navy

The latest of a number of ships in the Royal Navy to be named H.M.S. *Echo* is a recently commissioned inshore survey craft. She is the first vessel of a new "E"-class of an inshore minesweeper type and is the second surveying ship of the name in the Navy. The first one was an early paddle-steamer which was commanded by a Lieutenant Bullock from 1827 to 1829. During this time he discovered what was to be named the "Bullock Channel" while making a survey of the River Thames and its approaches. This channel has been deepened through the years, and renamed the Duke of Edinburgh Channel. Later called the South Edinburgh Channel, it is re-surveyed annually. By a curious chance the new H.M.S. *Echo* will undertake this work next year, thus linking present with past.

H.M.S. *Echo*, which is commanded by Lieut.-Commander R. G. Green, has been built to carry out coastal and harbour hydrographic surveys for the Hydrographer of the Navy around the shores of the British Isles. Built to be easily navigable in shoal water, she is designed for the work of charting depths and the detection of wrecks or obstructions on the bed of the sea. She is fitted with two echo-sounding machines, asdics, radar and many surveying instruments. Two boats are carried, including a motor dory fitted with an echo-sounder.

The survey craft has an overall length of 106 ft., a beam measurement of 22 ft. and a normal speed of 12 knots. Her engines are two Paxman diesels of 350 h.p., each driving a controllable-pitch propeller giving good bridge control of speed and excellent manœuvrability. The hull is of all-wood construction in which extensive use has been made of glued laminated members. *Echo*, and her two sister-ships in the same class, will replace the surveying vessels, built in the 1940's as harbour defence launches. Equipped with complicated machinery and intricate instruments, she is a far cry from that H.M.S. *Echo* conducting surveys in the nineteenth century, and described as an early paddle-steamer.

IN THE NAVAL DOCKYARD AT PORTSMOUTH: H.M.S. *Echo*, the first of a new class of Inshore Survey Craft, is tied up alongside another vessel (left foreground). Behind is the anti-submarine frigate H.M.S. *Dundas* (F48), and in the background is the aircraft-carrier H.M.S. *Warrior*.

ARRIVING FROM THE BUILDERS: H.M.S. *Echo*, looking spick and span in a gleaming coat of paint, proceeds to Portsmouth from the builders, J. Samuel White and Co. Ltd., of Cowes, Isle of Wight. She was launched on May 1, 1957, and was commissioned at the beginning of September this year. There will be three of this class of survey vessel.

ON BOARD THE SURVEY VESSEL: A leading seaman passes on a reading from the echo-sounding machines (left). *Echo* was due to take up her hydrographic duties shortly.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

Building Britain's First Modern Motorway

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

WHEN the first post-war Minister of Transport, in May 1946, committed his Government to the principle of motorways for Britain, and, indeed, to a ten-year roads programme including no fewer than 800 miles of them, the cost of building a motorway was reckoned at just under £150,000 a mile. It has turned out to be about twice that: the 71 miles of the London to Birmingham motorway now being built are costing in all just over £21,000,000, or about £300,000 a mile.

This increase in cost is partly because the roads will be physically bigger and better. While the route plans were gathering dust during their years on the Ministry's shelves, road traffic was growing and the standards of size recommended for these fast motor roads were being adjusted upwards. But a large part of the increase in cost has been the product of delay, multiplied by inflation. No work was begun on any motorway during the ten years originally set down for this programme. The 8½ miles of the Preston by-pass, due to be opened next month, will be the first of the 276 miles of motorways which it is now hoped to have completed, under construction, or at least begun, by 1962.

The London–Birmingham motorway, which comprises the first large stretch of a motorway that will eventually link London and Yorkshire, begins as the St. Albans by-pass, the first section of which is being built by Tarmac Civil Engineering Ltd. At Slip End, near Luton, this joins the main trunk of the motorway, which sweeps north-west across the midland plain to Watford Gap, near Ashby St. Ledgers, in Northamptonshire. At this point a short spur westward, to join the Dunchurch by-pass, is being constructed. Eventually it will be possible to travel the whole 110 miles from London to Birmingham over dual-carriageway roads. The 53-mile stretch from Slip End to the end of the spurmotorway is in the hands of John Laing, the 2-mile Dunchurch by-pass itself being executed by A. Monk and Co., Ltd.

When tenders were invited for the motorway last year, contracts were offered for lengths of 15 miles each; the eventual acceptance of only two main tenders for the whole 71 miles represents a new departure in British road contracting policy. But, then, much is new about this motorway. It is Britain's first one of any significant length (the Preston by-pass is only one section of the Birmingham–Shap motorway, for the northern part of which contracts have not yet been placed). It is also the first major national highway to be built in Britain this century. Because of that, it incorporates road standards that have never been met by British constructors before. They are using technical equipment, and techniques of management, which are new here; and they are planning to finish the constructional work in nineteen months, which involves building on average a mile of carriageway a week and a bridge of one kind or another every three days.

In spite of this summer's weather, the contractors are still hoping to finish this first stretch of motorway by the end of August 1959, rather than the end of October 1959 as per schedule. About a thousand items of road-making equipment will be in use when the work is at its peak, and only about 3,700 men. Road-building is no longer the "labour-intensive" back-breaking toil it used to be, but a highly mechanised operation. When one has about 10,000,000 cub. ft. of earth to move, in a country where labour is scarce, the human with a pick and shovel is too costly and inefficient a labourer to be worth employing. Arm him with a scraper that can dig out and carry away 25 cub. yards of earth weighing about 30 tons, and he is cheap at £25–30 a week. Similarly, the old-style foreman walking about and keeping an eye on his shifty labourers cannot provide the kind of supervision one needs on a job of this magnitude. The Laing contract is split into four projects under individual managers, who communicate back to the general manager and forward to their supervisors by radio-telephone and teleprinter, and shuttle from one point to another on the route by helicopter.

The intensity of work on this motorway project requires shift working not only from the men operating excavators, bulldozers, scrapers, dump trucks and heavy tractors, but even from the diesel fuel tanker drivers who keep the fleet of equipment supplied. Over the whole project it is reckoned that about 8,000,000 gallons of fuel will be used. Not only the vehicles, but their crews have to be fed: there are twenty canteens, with mobile canteens working from them, and hostels along the route for men coming from other parts of the country. Aircraft are used not only for supervision and surveying but to supply spares (when this costly equipment breaks down and remains idle, it begins to burn money nearly as fast as it normally burns diesel oil).

The organisations assembled to handle this project, and the others on which work is now starting (another section of the St. Albans by-pass, the Ross spur motorway and the Cromwell Road extensions) are more elaborate than anything in British road engineering in recent years. (Most of the country's £100,000,000 a year or so of road expenditure has always gone on maintenance, which has given us some of the best-surfaced bad roads in the world.) So far the Ministry of Transport has proceeded pretty cautiously in expanding the force of equipment and men engaged on motorways. The end of the airfield programme, and the steady run-down in activity in building and civil engineering on most other kinds of projects apart from roads, should allow an acceleration of the current rate of construction over the next couple of years.

BRITAIN'S CHANGING LANDSCAPE: A view of the new Ross–Tewkesbury motorway (Contract No. 1) being cut through Dymock Forest. It will provide a quicker route between the Midlands and South Wales. At the eastern end it will connect with the Worcester–Gloucester trunk road north of Tewkesbury and it will form part of an artery leading on to Swansea, Neath and Port Talbot via a reconstructed "Heads of the Valleys" road. The contractors are Tarmac Civil Engineering Ltd., of Wolverhampton.

That growth in the capital expenditure necessary to begin giving Britain twentieth-century roads represents part, and perhaps only a small part, of the cost to the country of not beginning on the motorways for a whole decade after the war. Estimates of the cost of traffic delays are a rather shaky sort of arithmetic, but the Road Research Laboratory has reckoned that in all these cost Britain some £500,000,000 a year, and that motorways, by increasing average speeds, can save well over £10,000 a year per mile of route. Some experts would put the savings two or three times as high as that. These may be considered as "avoidable costs" which the country's road transport has borne since the war, but might have had reduced. On such a reckoning, the real cost of not getting ahead with the motorways sooner has been even heavier for the nation.

To-day, belatedly, the motorways are going ahead—and so far as individual projects are concerned, going ahead fast. Three to four years ago one of the "last-ditch" arguments against stepping up investment in new roads and major road improvements was the contention that the physical resources—management, materials, machines and men—would be inadequate. It was an argument that the Federation of Civil Engineering Contractors hotly denied. In particular, they argued that their members had enough road engineering plant on hand to deal with any foreseeable motorway programme. On the motorway contracts that are now under construction their members are making good that claim.

Until a few months ago some of the companies concerned were encountering some difficulties in bringing in certain specialised equipment that was most readily obtainable from the United States. That should now be easier, since imports of dollar machinery are now to be allowed quite freely. But the range of equipment offered by British makers—reinforced by British subsidiaries of some of the famous American earth-moving plant builders—is now very wide. There are very few items not available here. The slackening of constructional demand elsewhere has greatly improved the deliveries British plant suppliers can offer.

Motorways, again, take vast amounts of materials: the 4,000,000 square yards of roadway on the London–Birmingham route may require about 400,000 cub. yards of lean concrete or waterbound macadam, and perhaps 250,000 tons of tarmac and asphalt. But demand for most building materials, also, is falling elsewhere. If the Chancellor decides he can increase public investment to stimulate demand in the economy, roads would be a good selection from the economic point of view: they would also be politically popular.

(*Further pictures on following pages*)

A COUNTRY FLYOVER . . .

Lorries, excavators and cranes are at work in a cutting at Collingtree, near Northampton, where one of the six flyovers ranged at strategic points along the London to Birmingham motorway is under construction. Despite the bad weather throughout the summer, the work is keeping up to schedule. It is possible for men on the job to drive over long stretches of excavated ground along the road's route. It has been described as "the most extended civil operation since the railways were built." The fifty-three-mile stretch between Luton and Dunchurch is in the hands of John Laing & Son Limited, while the St. Albans by-pass section of the motorway is being built by Tarmac Civil Engineering Limited.

. . . AND TOWN FLYOVER

The construction of a flyover section of roadway at a traffic roundabout in Chiswick where the Cromwell Road extension joins the Great West Road is now well in hand. The flyover is part of a comprehensive scheme to extend the Cromwell Road in an effort to ease severe traffic congestion in the vicinity. The total cost of the Cromwell Road extension, which is expected to be completed within two and a half years, is about £2,500,000. The flyover, which will be half a mile in length, is the first major two-level highway scheme to be carried out in the metropolitan area since the war. It is being built by the Alderton Construction Company Limited at a cost of about £820,000.

AT KITWE, IN NORTHERN RHODESIA: The Llewellin Hospital stands on a 90-acre site overlooking the residential area. It was officially opened on October 1 by Lord Dalhousie, Governor-General of the Federation. The hospital, the contractors for which were Richard Costain (Africa) Ltd., was completed several months ahead of schedule. The buildings are of reinforced concrete frame construction and incorporate design features new to Rhodesia. Externally, the plaster facings are a silver-grey with contrasting colours in the window frames and balconies.

RHODESIA'S NEW HOSPITAL AT KITWE

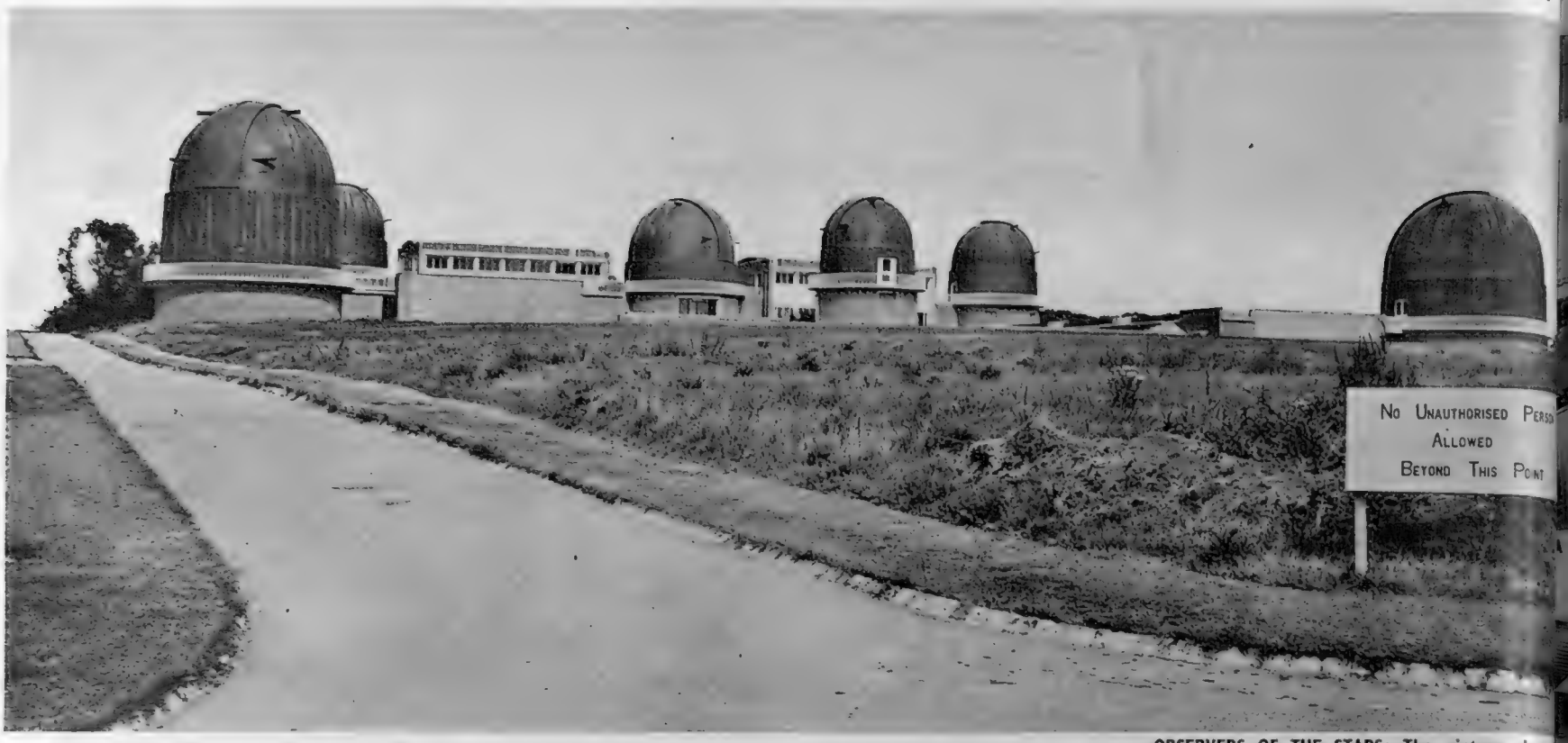
On left—

In this picture can be seen some of the sterilisers in the modern and well-equipped hospital. So called to perpetuate the memory of the late Governor-General of the Federation, Lord Llewellin, it has 318 beds, 190 for Africans and 128 for Europeans. It is divided into an African section (Patrick Dixon block) and a European section (Haslam block) which are connected by various linking blocks. There are also a kitchen block, an administration block, boiler-house, laundry and workshops. Comfortable houses have been built for the administrative and medical staff. The hospital is equipped throughout with the most modern services and installations. There is a special plant for physiotherapy and pharmacy and there are radiograph and casualty departments.

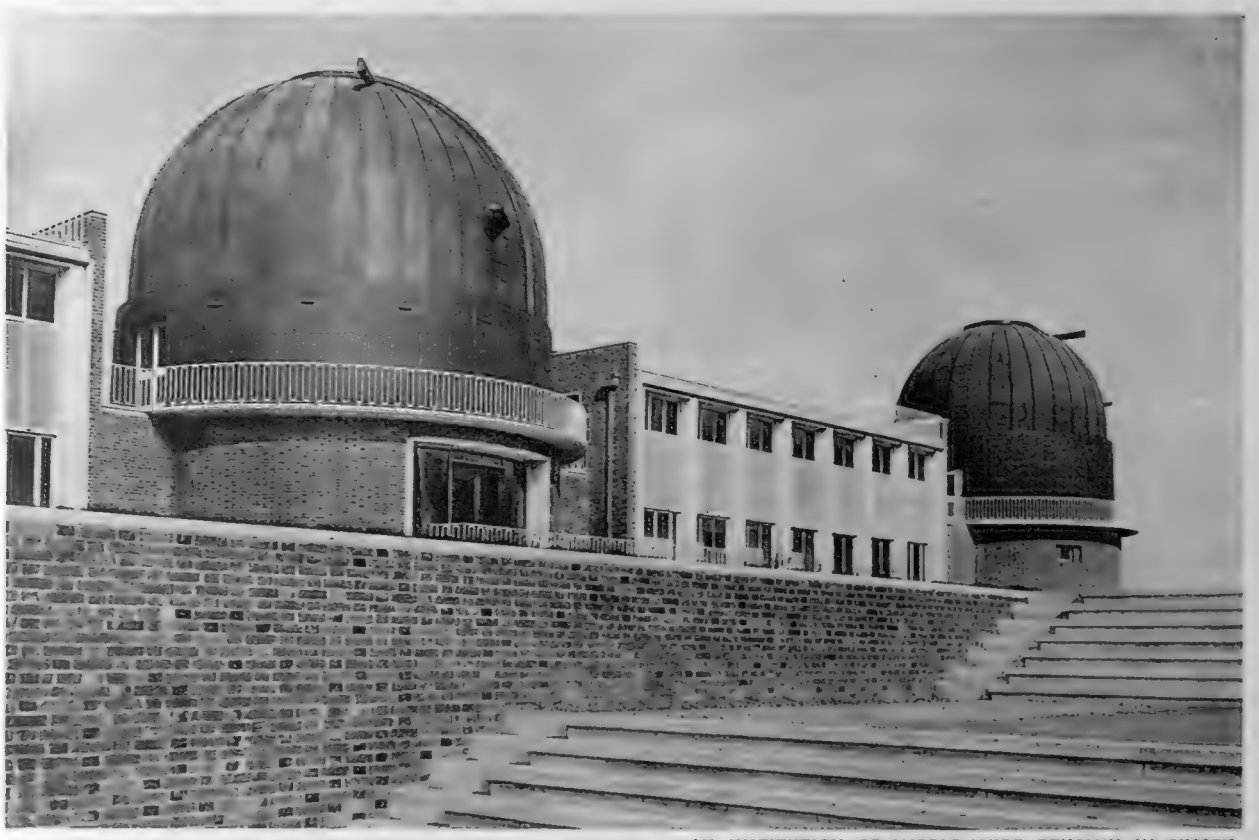
THE KELVIN HUGHES RAPID PROCESSING PHOTOGRAPHIC PROJECTOR

Permanently superimposed on this radar picture of Southern England are the straight lines of the airways, rectangles showing airports, crosses indicating aircraft beacons, and at bottom, the outline of the coast. The Isle of Wight is bottom left. All the aircraft in the area show as small white blobs, with a tadpole-like tail at the rear showing the direction of travel. The numerous white spots (centre) show the Farnborough Air Show in progress. The airport squares are top London, left centre Blackbushe, right centre Gatwick, and bottom left Southampton. The airway from the top is from Manchester and Prestwick, crossing the coast bottom right, to the Continent; the one top left is from Shannon, and bottom left continuing horizontally is a Continental route. This picture was taken with newly-developed recorded radar presentation equipment. Designed in conjunction with the Ministry of Supply, it enables the large-scale showing of photographically recorded and processed sequential events as they appear on a cathode ray tube. The equipment, although generally used with conventional cathode ray tubes, is suitable for recording the fast read-out from a Charactron shaped beam tube. This is a specialised kind of tube used in computers which, for instance, display the characters and symbols of formulae or other instantaneous pictures. Completely self-contained and fully automatic, the apparatus takes 1,000-ft. reels of film, which, at the normal film speed of four exposures per minute, gives a continuous operating period of approximately twenty-four hours.

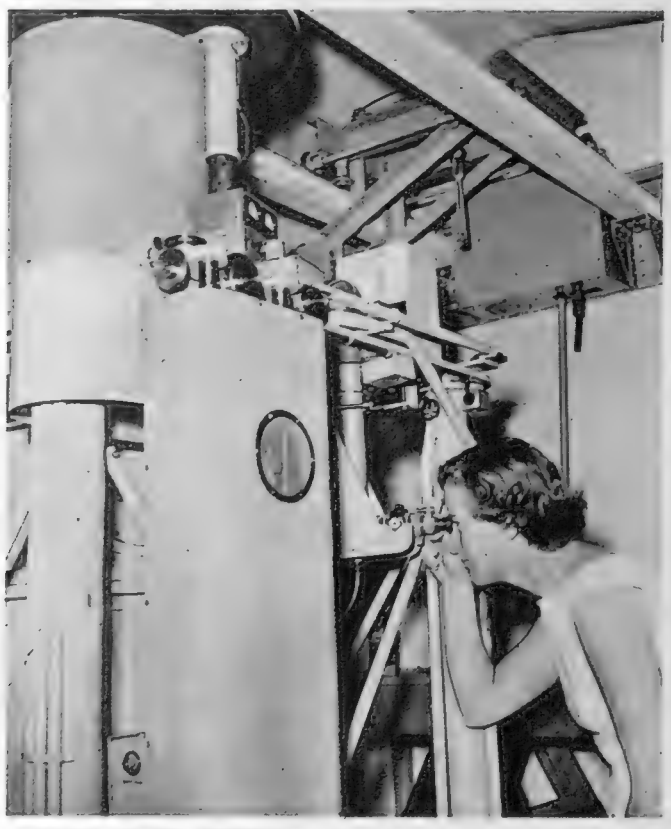
WATCHING THE SCREEN: On the right is the Kelvin Hughes Projector and centre is a normal radar operator's console. Engineers watch the enlarged radar picture on the screen. After each rotation of the radar aerial the exposed film is processed in six seconds and then projected. The equipment is being sold to the United States and is employed on the U.S. Defence radar system, known as the "Sage" line.



OBSERVERS OF THE STARS: The picture shows Equatorial Group of telescopes in the Astronomical Block at the Royal Observa at Herstmonceux Castle, in Sussex. Observatory was founded in 1675 by Charl at Greenwich. After the last war it was dec that because it housed some of the most pr instruments in the world it would have t moved from the noise and lights of London. transfer to Sussex was completed last A Prince Philip is to pay a visit in Novem



AN INSTITUTION OF WORLD-WIDE RENOWN IN SUSSEX: Steps lead up to the two telescopes and their ancillary buildings at the Royal Observatory. Some of the offices of the Astronomer Royal and his staff are in the fifteenth-century Castle of Herstmonceux.



A WATCH ON THE UNIVERSE: A check is made on the adjustment of the Photographic Zenith Tube. The Observatory contains a wealth of technical equipment, essential to its proper functioning.

"WHAT IS THE PRECISE TIME?": Miss Dorothy Preece can answer this question. She is reading the Beat Counter in the Observatory's Time Department.

THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY

The Completion of the Move From Greenwich to Herstmonceux, in Sussex

The Royal Observatory is one of the best-kn institutions in the world and one of the m essential to all mankind. It was established Charles II. He called upon Wren to design buildings which until recently housed its multit of complex equipment at Greenwich. Inde though the Observatory is no longer on the so bank of the Thames it is still known as Greenw Observatory.

The establishment of the Astronomer Roy now at Herstmonceux Castle, in Sussex. move from Greenwich was decided soon after war. It has taken a number of years to compl because first of all the grounds of the Castle to be prepared for various technical additio buildings necessary, and second, the Observato delicate instruments, which are often in use twenty-four hours out of twenty-four, could o be moved on a most carefully-phased programm

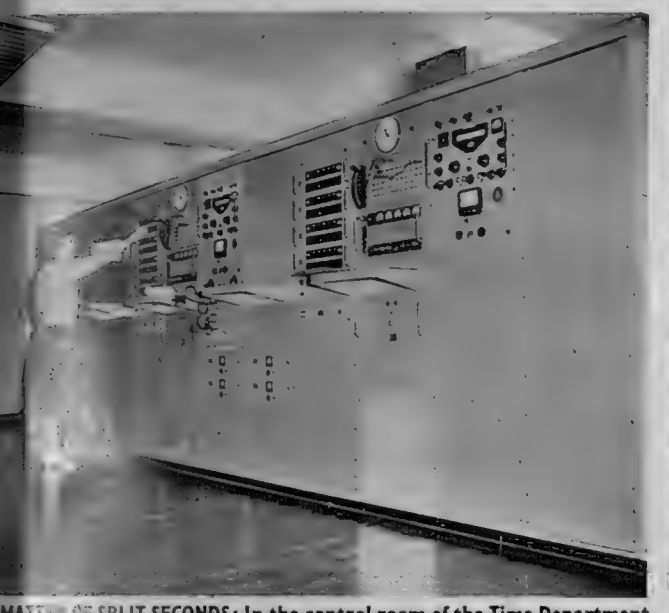
Had anything gone wrong during their trans it is possible that Time might have literally "sto still," nautical instruments given the wrong dir tions and the precise position of the stars been l Fortunately, though not in the least unexpected it can be reported that the move has been m without any disaster. It was finished last Ap and on November 14 the Duke of Edinburgh is pay a visit to Herstmonceux. His Royal Highn has always taken a great interest in the activi of the Observatory.

It is a curious fact that in the age when nucle science is almost a commonplace and everyo claims to know something about space trav astronomy remains a little-known science, exc to its experts. Perhaps this is because it has long been accepted as part of human routine.

Since the end of the seventeenth century Brita has made invaluable contributions to astronomi and nautical science from its Royal Observato In 1884 when an international agreement had to b made on the selection of a zero or prime meridia from which the longitudes of all places should b measured, the choice fell on the meridian throug the transit circle of the Royal Observatory. It was deserved recognition of the services to the worl of the Observatory for many decades past.

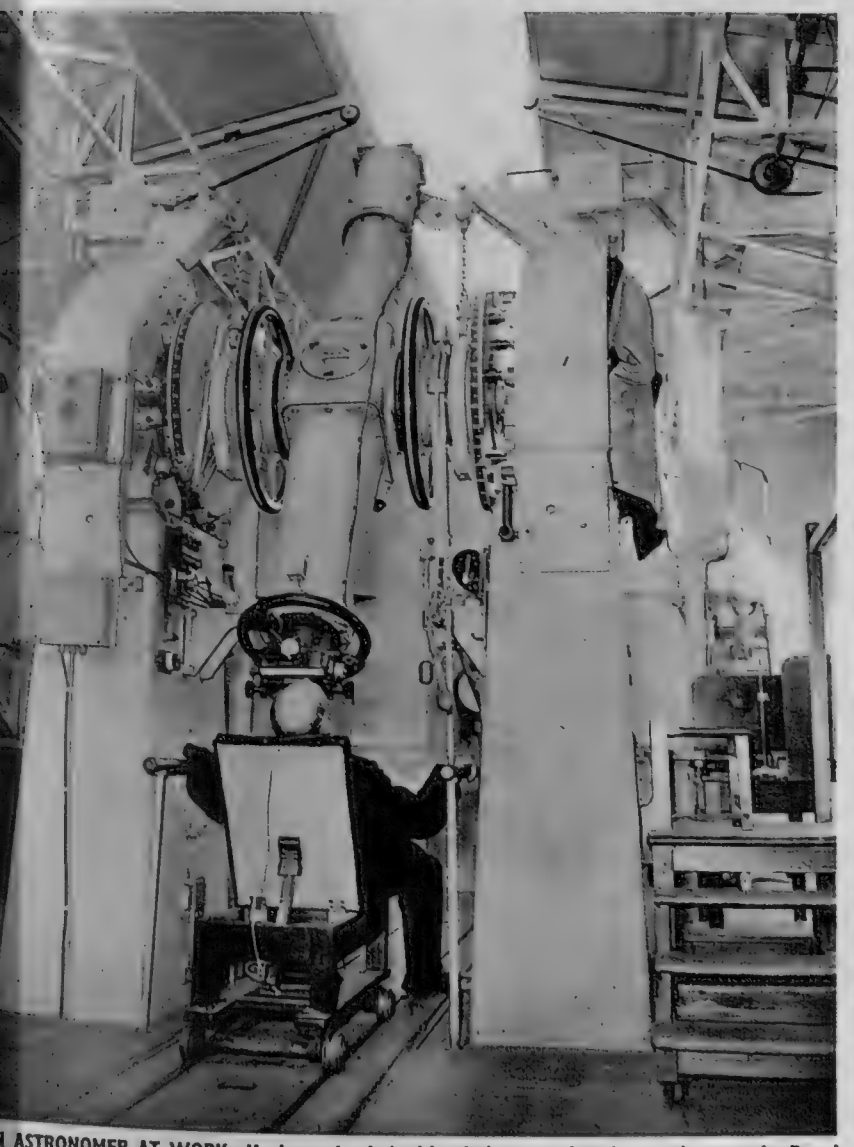
To-day the Astronomer Royal and his staff are housed in the medieval Castle at Herstmonceux which has been carefully restored and modernised In the grounds are the beehive structures and the functional modern buildings which are essenti for the observations. Here, without question, the unique Greenwich tradition is being carried on.

NECESSARY SERVICE FOR SAILORS AND AIRMEN: In the Chronometer Workshop navigation watches and marine chronometers are being overhauled and adjusted for the Royal Navy and the R.A.F.

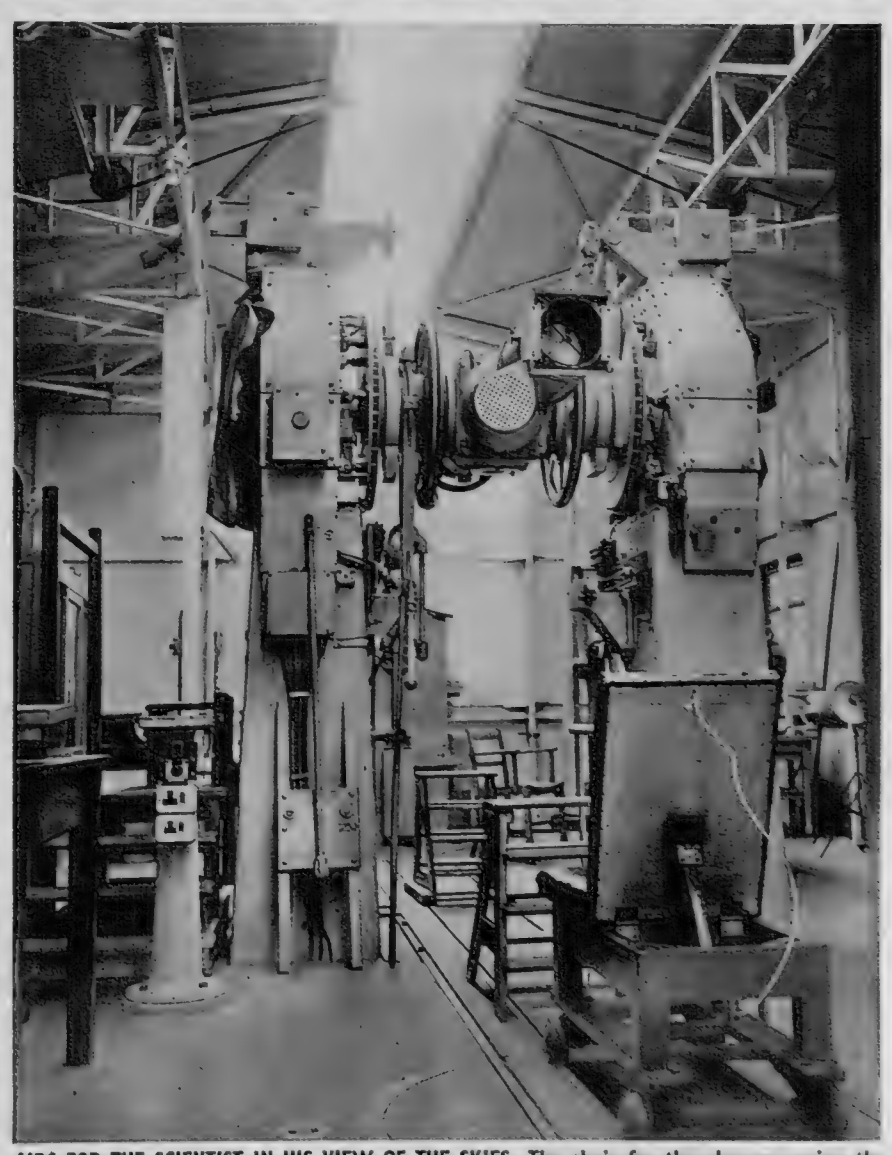


MATTER OF SPLIT SECONDS: In the control room of the Time Department at Herstmonceux, radio time signals from all over the world are received and measured and time signals for the B.B.C. controlled.

KEEPING IN TOUCH WITH THE SUN: The barrel of this device pointing to the heavens has a far longer range than any guided missile yet invented. By means of it, photographs can be taken of the sun. Reproductions of its pictures would undoubtedly have sold widely throughout Britain during the past summer months.



ASTRONOMER AT WORK: He leans back in his chair to make observations at the Royal Observatory through the Cooke Transit Circle. This is employed for checking the times of transit and the meridian altitudes of the stars to determine their correct positions.



AIDS FOR THE SCIENTIST IN HIS VIEW OF THE SKIES: The chair for the observer using the Cooke Transit Circle has an adjustable back and can be moved on the wheels grooved in rails. The telescope, which is seen here slung above the chair, swings on a wide arc.

The World of Books

THE TRAVELLING NOVELIST

John Steinbeck Records an Expedition into the Gulf of Mexico; a Diary of a Year in America; a Little-known American Writer; and Novels Set in Rural England, Labrador, Haiti and Warsaw

JUST eighteen years ago two men made an expedition into the Gulf of California, that long, narrow strip of sea between Mexico and the length of Lower California. It used to be called the Sea of Cortez, and that, as Mr. John Steinbeck rightly says, "is a better-sounding and a more exciting name." For Mr. Steinbeck was one of these two men, and the other was his close friend, Edward Ricketts, a distinguished biologist and, incidentally, the original of "Doc" in *Cannery Row*. The purpose of the six-week trip they took was to collect marine specimens, and one result was a book, THE LOG FROM THE SEA OF CORTEZ (Heinemann. 18s.). This is the day-to-day account of a happy, adventurous, unconventional and highly successful expedition, and since it is written by one of America's greatest writers it has some passages of a beauty that Darwin might have envied. But what gives the book a poignant interest is the "profile," the personal memory of Ricketts which his friend Steinbeck wrote after he had been killed in an accident in 1948. He must have been an extraordinary man to inspire such a degree of friendship, and extraordinary he was, as you will see from reading this odd, delightful and essentially serious book.

A visit to America has become what the Grand Tour was in the eighteenth century, says Mr. Bryan Magee, whose GO WEST, YOUNG MAN (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 21s.), is a by-product of a year he spent in the United States recently. The author was there on a Yale Fellowship which made it possible for him to follow Horace Greeley's famous advice in a big way, travelling from the east, as represented by Boston and New England, to the west of Las Vegas and Oregon. In between Mr. Magee was able to observe the American Press, American museums and American politics, and he has made some crisp remarks about all these manifestations. Writing of President Eisenhower and his situation in 1956, for instance, he says: "At this time he was still suffering from delusions of adequacy," and on the southern states: "The land is so beautiful it makes your guts ache. And the way of life is so evil you can't bear to be part of it." A young man with a load of opinions and some of them are well worth hearing. I don't remember reading the travel diary of a year in America which covered so much ground, literally and metaphorically, as this one.

THE SELECTED WRITINGS OF JOHN JAY CHAPMAN (Secker and Warburg. 25s.) is a volume which may not, at first or even second glance, rouse much excitement as Chapman's name is virtually unknown in this country and not resoundingly well known in his native America, where he died twenty-five years ago. There are critics, however, who believe that the time is ripe for a re-discovery of this born New Yorker, in the same way as people have been going back to the writings of Thoreau, and Mr. Jacques Barzun has had the estimable idea of editing and introducing some of Chapman's representative work here. This includes a biography of William Lloyd Garrison, hero of the anti-slavery movement, shorter sketches on Emerson, Walt Whitman, William James and others, as well as some essays on Shakespeare's plays. The style is cool, measured and reflective, but it has force behind it, the force of a man who once, when he was a Harvard student, plunged his hand into a fire because he thought he had committed an unjust deed. Whether the book will herald a revival it is difficult to say, but as a single book it has much, including humour, to recommend it.

This week's novels, English, American or Polish, have a really splendid variety and a vigour of invention that one can only admire. THE GREENGAGE SUMMER (Macmillan. 1 s. 6d.) is Miss Rumer Godden's new book, a tale of childhood and the nearly-grown-up, in a setting of a hot August in a little town of the champagne country in France. No one writes with more delicacy about the joys and anguish of being very young; few people can convey so acutely the tremendous, quite world-shaking importance of events in the lives of the young. The plot itself is a slight one: the mother of an English family taken unexpectedly to hospital and the children, the oldest girl sixteen, thrown on their own uncertain resources in a small hotel. But this material is enough for Miss Godden, and with it she works her familiar magic, giving us yet another quietly enchanting book.

STORM IN THE VILLAGE (Michael Joseph. 15s.) does not strictly come under the heading of fiction, though its author, "Miss Read," adopts an anonymity of names and places the more freely to describe her country community. This, as in two previous books, is called Fairacre, and it can justly be said that it is in a real tizzy for the greater part of the story. The reason is clear enough and one that most country-dwellers nowadays will recognise. Two strangers arrive in the village one day and pace mysteriously about, leaving the village grapevine to supply the answer to their conundrum. This, in the manner of all bush telegraphs, functions swiftly and copiously, and it is soon known far and wide (relatively speaking) that a new housing estate is proposed for the big fields and lower downland reaches of Fairacre. Consternation, indignation and a measure of organisation follow, and by the time the threat is finally removed, the reader has come to know and appreciate as lively and unstereotyped a group of villagers as he is likely to meet.

When Jacques Cartier first saw the desolate reaches of Labrador he called it "The Land God Gave to Cain," showing, like Cortez, a more poetic influence than subsequent cartographers. Mr. Hammond Innes has chosen this as the title of his new adventure story set in Labrador and based, as always with this writer's stories, on his own experience of the place, the weather, the people and the dramatic possibilities. THE LAND GOD GAVE TO CAIN (Collins. 15s.) has more of the latter than one would have supposed. The very bleakness makes a setting of Lear-like grandeur and grimness, and the snow and icy gales only emphasise it. Mr. Innes has written about an expedition that ended in mysterious deaths and of another, fifty years or more later, which solved the first enigma but brought its own tally of violence. Readable as ever and with a marvellously authentic background.

A new Hutchinson company, New Authors, is to publish only first books by writers who are members of the British Commonwealth and have started their project off with THE SKINNER (New Authors. 15s.), a [illegible] but effective psychological thriller by Miss Jay Gil[illegible] and THE THRESHOLD (New Authors. 15s.), by Michael Stapleton, which is an autobiography and a [illegible] tinguished one of a life that has held, so far, more [illegible] than ha'pence. Both writers are young; both show [illegible] promise, and the project is warmly to be commende[illegible]

IN LABRADOR: The novelist, Hammond Innes, stands beside a construction unit working on the railway. He travelled over 15,000 miles compiling material for his new book, *The Land God Gave to Cain* (Collins. 15s.), which is reviewed on this page. He lived for many months with construction units in Labrador.

Mr. Richard Dohrman's is a first novel, too, and [illegible] impressive one. THE CROSS OF BARON SAM[illegible] (Hamish Hamilton. 18s.) has two themes which a[illegible] appear to be in strong contrast, but are gradually [illegible] inevitably shown to be closely inter-related. One [illegible] career and inner life of a young American marine on [illegible] service, and the other is the voodoo, an inescapable [illegible] of life in Haiti at the time of which Mr. Dohrman is wr[illegible] Baron Samedi himself is a focus of the evil which [illegible] undermines the young man's resistance, a voodoo [illegible] often represented by a cross bearing a scarecrow [illegible] frock coat and bowler hat. This is a powerful, st[illegible] book, but, whether one likes it or not, it has a hau[illegible] quality. Haitian life in town or remote village[illegible] *gendarmerie* is brilliantly sketched in, and its impre[illegible] remains with the reader long after the book is fini[illegible]

THESE THIRTEEN (Chatto and Windus. 15[illegible] the second of a three-volume edition of the short [illegible] of Mr. William Faulkner, Nobel Prize winner and h[illegible] of the Pulitzer Prize as well. Mr. Faulkner is a [illegible] in the contemporary American literary scene and [illegible] other fabulous beings, he has created a world of his [illegible] a southern world of swamps, Negroes and white p[illegible] warped or weird, violent or pathetic. His writi[illegible] these tales has the same compulsive strength as [illegible] and illustrates his own views on literary creatio[illegible] "A life's work in the agony and sweat of the h[illegible] spirit, not for glory and least of all for profit, h[illegible] create out of the materials of the human spirit som[illegible] which did not exist before."

ZLY (Michael Joseph. 18s.) is by any reckoni[illegible] oddest novel of the week. This long book of Mr. Le[illegible] Tyrmand's has been translated from the Polis[illegible] D. J. Welsh, and the English reader now has an o[illegible] tunity to study the best-seller with at least 100,000 [illegible] to its author's credit in its original edition. It is a[illegible] of the Warsaw underworld as it exists to-day, and [illegible] written on a vast scale with a huge cast of char[illegible] dominated by Zly, the wicked man who is a self-co[illegible] murderer and gangster. An extraordinary book, [illegible] complex and often hair-raising.

THE WIDOW OF PILATE (Hutchinson. 15[illegible] novel by the young Italian poet and playwright, [illegible] Bono, and it has been translated by Miss Isabel [illegible] with a discretion and grace that retain the imag[illegible] quality of the original. Here is Jerusalem and I[illegible] Rome, Seneca, Claudia and the unnamed Galilean, [illegible] moment in history that has no equal.

The author of ANATOMY OF A MURDER ([illegible] 16s.) is Mr. Robert Traver, who, we are told, is a [illegible] Court judge. Presumably, since the action takes [illegible] in the Middle West, his duties are discharged in an A[illegible] can court. The charge is murder, but a great de[illegible] the time of the court, and the book, is taken up [illegible] investigation of a charge by the defence that the mu[illegible] man had raped the accused's wife. As the publishe[illegible] so succinctly on the jacket: "It pulls no punches." [illegible] who like murder and rape with all the punches are [illegible] bound to enjoy this book.

Vernon F[illegible]

EXPLORERS' ILLUSION

Colonel Fawcett's Lost Cities

The dream of a forgotten civilisation lying in the steaming jungles of the Amazon basin led Brian Fawcett on the same trek as his ill-fated father, Colonel Fawcett, who perished during his search for Brazil's lost cities in the mid-'20's. There were two major differences in the two explorers; Fawcett the elder travelled by land and presumably died on trek, Fawcett the younger travelled by air, searching every piece of ground systematically, and he returned to tell the tale, despite his bucking bronco of a Beechcraft plane, which put up some hair-raising performances in the High Sierras. By plane, and camera in hand, Brian Fawcett arrived at the "ancient cities" his father had so long sought, but journey's end was to bring grave disillusionment. What the camera revealed was that the Seven Cities, the *Sete Cidades*, have only the semblance of man-made edifices. They are not the lost conurbation that linked Brazil with Atlantis, but giant structures of rock slowly carved by wind and rain to their man-made appearance. The book, RUINS IN THE SKY (Hutchinson. 25s.), makes engrossing reading. It is very much Mr. Fawcett's from the excellent dust jacket, which he drew himself, to the cartographic end papers of his own devising. And the photographs? By Brian Fawcett.

Gough Island, which may or may not have been discovered by Gonçalo Alvarez, that redoubtable flag captain of Vasco da Gama, lies in the waters of the South Atlantic, not very far from Tristan da Cunha. Prince Philip visited it on his *Britannia* cruise, in 1957, scrambling among the rocks to some purpose, and appropriately enough he writes the introduction to Martin Holdgate's MOUNTAINS IN THE SEA (Macmillan. 25s.), a description of the Gough [illegible] Scientific Survey of November 1955 to May [illegible] Mr. Holdgate, an entomologist and botanist, was [illegible] the three leaders of an expedition which exte[illegible] surveyed the island. A comparison between th[illegible] at the beginning of the book, bare in all except [illegible] essentials, and the survey map at the end makes [illegible] fest the expedition's considerable achievement. [illegible] Holdgate has produced an excellent written recor[illegible] the photographs in monotone and colour comb[illegible] provide a splendid impression of this lonely outpo[illegible] his neat introduction the Duke of Edinburgh con[illegible] by saying: "If every man has to face his Everest som[illegible] in his life, I strongly recommend him to get his G[illegible] Island in first. There is no better preparation."

For sheer elegance of production the latest [illegible] in the series "Les Beaux Pays" ranks very high [illegible] this at a time when good book production is no [illegible] now that the immediate post-war problems are s[illegible] The authors are Jeanne and Georges Roux, an[illegible] subject is GREECE (Nicholas Kaye. 35s.). [illegible] chapters that deal with Ægean island life are enchan[illegible] especially these about the Cyclades, where the w[illegible] lies only in stone, and where "the painted caiqu[illegible] the white roadsteads recall all the poetry of a perp[illegible] Odyssey."

THE EDWARDIAN MIXTURE—AS BEFORE

To censure an era in history is much more difficult than to make fun of it. Social foibles exposed n usually raise a laugh, but before attempting a rious historical effort at censure, you must go into olitics and see what was achieved in advancement and tterment by that means and by the will of the people. No era is easier to guy than the Edwardian, few ore difficult to condemn for political apathy. The eation of a social conscience and the foundation of e Welfare State have firm foundations in that brief gn of luxury and poverty, and they are not so easy take a scornful "Remus jump" over as are the first nodels" of the motor-car and flying machine. But th social fashions you are on sure ground for raising laugh, and the scrapbook method is a proven suc- ss. I tried it myself and was astonished at the ease composition and still more at the reader's approba- n. For high society, above and below stairs, you e large chunks from Victoria Sackville-West's *wardians*—the *locus classicus*—and from Elinor Glyn. u draw on *Society in the New Reign* or, if you prefer, Collier's *England and the English*; you plentifully ote from the contemporary Press, not excluding ntifical *Times* leaders; you illustrate with the more olish and fantastic of the *Fashion Plates*, choose your iety stars, fill a transport museum with the first car d plane models, quote the then current music-hall songs, ure the Ascot scene and the 1906 brand of bathing les, the "absurdities" of the Suffragettes, the night- of the capital and the new art—and the thing is ne, a laugh on every page. How clever we are in 58, how primitive were our fathers and mothers! Mr. James Laver's EDWARDIAN PROMENADE ulton. 30s.) serves up the recipe successfully again, d almost I am persuaded that he saw a copy of my *wardian Scrapbook*, or here are two great minds nking alike. But he read his proofs sometimes relessly. Those Edwardians in high life never bungled es and would not have stood a "Marquis of Shaftes- ry" nor called the peace-maker Edward VIII. A ond edition should embody several corrections of t kind of slip in this amusing book.

"SHORTS FROM THE COURTS"

take off my hat to the historians who leave no stone unturned to discover how our remote forbears lived l spoke and thought, and, oddly enough, we know nost as much about the way of life of our Roman upiers up to A.D. 300 as we do of the comparatively k age of pre-Elizabethan times. In STAR CHAMBER ORIES (Methuen. 21s.), Dr. G. R. Elton has owed up his successful *England Under the Tudors* h some tales extracted from Star Chamber records. If these tales seem disjointed and even a trifle entious, not to say nebulous, it is partly due to the rnal vacillations of justice, its delays and deferments, l to faulty reporting. Anyway, the Law's first erest is the point of Law, not the human right or ity; and it must be admitted that the Star Chamber ords have not proved a very satisfactory "bone" which to reproduce the skeleton way of life of the dor common man. We know, at any rate, that he er lacked the courage to protest against the tyranny Church and State, but perhaps there are better printed written sources from which to ascertain the way he d, spoke and reasoned.

But this little book is proof positive of the infinite ns which a true historian is prepared to take.

John Gore

That a treatise on hangovers and hobnail livers should sandwiched neatly between a table of liqueurs and a age chart seems proper, and it is typical of the nique of THE MAN'S BOOK (Hulton. 30s.). In nce this book has very much the informative racter of the old vade-mecum, the only difference ng that the mass of essential facts that every gentleman uld know is served up with sophistication rather than veté. *The Man's Book* is edited by Colin Willock, o has seen that more than a spice of wit is interspersed ong all this masculine wisdom.

Latest of the Baedeker Autoguides is BENELUX en and Unwin. 28s.). These new guides are very ch like the familiar Baedeker, but here the emphasis is road travel, and the especial intent is to help the orist. Travel in Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg covered comprehensively in this well-documented de replete with maps and through routes.

Among the latest reprints pride of place may surely to Alphonse Daudet's SIDONIE (Anthony Blond.), a long neglected work of fiction, and a very adult y indeed about the career of a thoroughly un- pulous and most intriguing young Parisienne. rinted for the World's Classics is MR. SPONGE'S RTING TOUR (Oxford University Press. 9s. 6d.). ees' great hunting story has an introduction by Joyce y and the original Leech illustrations. Edith Sitwell's ENGLISH ECCENTRICS is reissued by Dennis son at 25s.; AUBREY'S BRIEF LIVES, edited by er Lawson Dick, is reissued in the 1949 edition ecker and Warburg at 35s.

R. C. E.

A CHARMING IRISH MUSICAL: In the musical version of Synge's *Playboy of the Western World*, called *The Heart's a Wonder*, at the Westminster Theatre Christopher Mahon (Joe Lynch), in the left foreground, appeals to Pegeen Mike (Una Collins) to help him out of his troubles. *On left*—As they meet for the first time, Pegeen Mike is prepared for an attack from Christy, the playboy himself. The musical version of the famous play, which caused a riot in Dublin when it was first seen, is set to traditional Irish airs by Nuala and Mairin O'Farrell. In the world of J. M. Synge's fantasy of the verbally extravagant Irish peasants, among whom patricide leads to increased social standing, the music fits in aptly, although it slows down the pace of the drama. The actors combine gaiety with a lightfootedness which makes the play a joy to watch. The production is by Denis Carey.

AN IRISH MUSICAL AND A NEW COMEDY IN LONDON

AN UNUSUAL COMEDY IN LONDON'S WEST END: In this scene from Jack Popplewell's new comedy, *A Day in the Life of . . .*, at the Savoy Theatre, Susie (Jessica James) appears amused at a joke made by one of the customers, Jerry Brewster (Kenneth Warren), while at the end of the bar John Mallorie (Alfred Marks) engages in conversation with Harry (Naunton Wayne). The play is being presented by Peter Saunders. It opened on Wednesday last after completing a short provincial tour. *A Day in the Life of . . .* is an unusual comedy which introduces a new idea. How does an ordinary man appear to his friends and business acquaintances with whom he is in daily contact? The play derives its amusing moments in trying to supply the answer. The direction is by Charles Hickman, with decor by Peter Rice.

CURTAIN UP ON THE NEW CARS

With the Advent of Another London Motor Show, British Manufacturers Begin to Lift the Veils of Secrecy Surrounding Their New Models

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

THREE important new models were announced by British manufacturers in time for the Paris Salon, which opened in the Grand Palais on Thursday. They were a 2·6-litre Humber Super Snipe, a 3-litre Rover and a 3·7-litre Aston Martin to be known as the DB4. Each model is a credit to British automobile engineering. The Super Snipe is an entirely new car which revives a famous name. The Rootes Group claim that it is the most luxurious and best-equipped car they have ever built. Powered by a new 6-cylinder engine of 2,651 c.c., the new Super Snipe is a full six-seater with a top speed of over 90 m.p.h. It is available in three forms: saloon (£1,493 17s., tax included); touring limousine (£1,643 17s.); and estate car (£1,741 7s.). Optional extras include a Borg-Warner automatic gear-box (£172 10s., including tax), Laycock de Normanville overdrive for the standard three-speed, all-synchromesh gear-box (£75), power-assisted steering (£82 10s.) and individual front reclining seats (£52 10s.).

The Super Snipe has the same body shell as that of the Humber Hawk, but looks very different. Its distinctive appearance is partly due to the interesting treatment of the car's front end, with the radiator grille wrapped round the front of the wings.

The car has taken four years to develop and has been rigorously tested for hundreds of thousands of miles in the United Kingdom and on the Continent. The overhead-valve engine has such excellent torque characteristics that the Rootes engineers decided to fit a three-speed gear-box. This will surprise many people, but a Rootes Group official told me: "A fourth ratio isn't necessary with this new engine of ours. In any case, most buyers who do not specify the Borg-Warner automatic transmission will probably have an overdrive fitted. This operates on the two top gears, with a device to ensure jerkless changes of ratio. When you switch on the overdrive it does not come into operation immediately. It waits until the throttle opening is just right for a smooth change." There is synchromesh mechanism on all three ratios in the normal gear-box. The engine develops 112 b.h.p. at 5,000 revolutions a minute. Vacuum servo assistance for the brakes is a standard fitting and the front brakes are self-adjusting. The semi-elliptic springs at the rear have an auxiliary leaf to cope with extra-heavy loads.

Excellent though the new Super Snipe is mechanically, it is the richness of the interior which gives the new Humber much of its distinction. Standard fittings include fold-away occasional tables for the use of the rear-seat passengers. They are built into the back of the front seat squab and, like the facia and door, are finished in walnut. The leather-trimmed seats set a new standard in saloon comfort. The front one is adjustable for height as well as for leg room, and there are arm-rests on each of the four wide-opening doors. There is a glove-box on the passenger's side of the facia, the front doors contain deep pockets and there is a wide parcel shelf behind the rear seat.

There is 19½ cub. ft. of space in the luggage boot. The petrol tank holds 12½ gallons, and standard fittings include two-speed wipers, screen washers and reversing lamps.

The new 3-litre Rover is an addition to the Solihull firm's existing range, which continues with only minor changes, including a redesigned front grille; modifications to the facia, rear number plate and bumpers; and the provision of a thin chromium strip along the waistline. The car will be first seen in public at the London Motor Show. I think a lot of people will be a little disappointed that the styling of the new Rover is not more distinctive. It is much more modern than the shape of the existing Rovers, but the Solihull Company should perhaps have taken the chance to jump further ahead. It might have been a good idea to get some help from Italy, as B.M.C. and other firms are doing to an increasing extent.

The new 2,997-c.c. engine is similar to the 2,638-c.c. unit which powers the Rover 105 (no longer available, by the way, with Roverdrive automatic transmission). With a bore of 78 mm. and a stroke of 105 mm. it does not subscribe to the growing fashion for "square" engines. It has overhead inlet valves and side exhaust valves, in the Rover tradition, and roller-type tappets that help to give the engine its notable quietness. A compression ratio of 8·75 to 1 is normal and there is a seven-bearing crankshaft. The new engine gives 115 b.h.p. at 4,250 r.p.m. The brakes are servo-assisted, the new suspension system incorporates laminated torsion bars at the front, and Rover practice is followed in using joints that are pre-greased and sealed, as well as rubber bushes. This simplifies maintenance by cutting down the number of grease points to fewer than half a dozen. The 100-m.p.h. 3-litre Rover is described as a 5/6-seater high-speed touring saloon. It is in limited production at present and will not be available overseas until the spring.

The new car has a ground clearance of 7½ ins., and other design features include a wrap-round screen, a big, fully-trimmed boot with separate compartment underneath for the spare wheel, counterbalanced bonnet and boot lids, a 14-gallon petrol tank with a positive reserve of 1½ gallons and real hide upholstery. The battery is kept in a special container at the side of the boot. Standard fittings include cigar-lighter, electric clock, screen washers, child-proof safety locks and reading lamps for passengers in both front and rear seats. Walnut trim helps to give the car's interior a richly finished appearance.

With four-speed gear-box the 3-litre Rover costs £1,763 17s. (of which £588 17s. is tax). A Laycock de Normanville overdrive working only on the top gear can be fitted as an extra. But I expect most buyers of this new Rover will opt for the Borg-Warner automatic gear-box. In this form the car costs £1,921 7s. There is a cable-operated intermediate "hold" which enables the driver to keep the car in middle gear as long as he wishes. The Rover engineers have specified a version of the Borg-Warner gear-box which has positive retention of direct drive. As long as the accelerator remains depressed, and irrespective of road speed, direct drive remains engaged.

A slight revision of the prices of the other Rover models involves a reduction in basic price of £3 for the 105 and increases ranging from £16 to £22 on the others. The total prices, with tax, are now: 2-litre, 4-cylinder "60," £1,349 17s.; 2·2-litre, 6-cylinder "75," £1,478 18s.; 2·6-litre, 6-cylinder "90," £1,538 17s.; 2·6-litre, 6-cylinder "105," £1,628 17s.

A CAR OF DISTINCTION: The 3-litre Rover is an additional model to the already famous and well-proven Rover range. It is powered by a 6-cylinder engine of 2,997 c.c. with an 8·75 to 1 compression ratio, developing 115 brake horse-power. The interior is richly finished.

DIGNIFIED AND ELEGANT: The new Humber Super Snipe is the most luxurious and best-equipped car ever manufactured by the Rootes Group. There is ample accommodation for six people and the 2·6-litre engine enables speeds of more than 90 miles per hour to be reached.

A SPORTING THOROUGHBRED: The new Aston Martin DB4, manufactured by the David Brown Group, is claimed to have the highest performance of any four-seater production car. It will accelerate from 0 to 100 m.p.h. and stop again in less than 30 seconds. The car has a 3·7 litre engine.

The new Aston Martin DB4 is the first full four-seater of this *marque* since before the war. Its smart *superleggera* body was styled by Carrozzeria Touring, of Milan.

The bodies are being built by Tickfords, of Newport Pagnell, Bucks, now owned by Mr. David Brown as an Aston Martin subsidiary. Full performance figures of the new Aston are not yet available, but top speed is certain to be at least 140 m.p.h. What the makers *do* claim is that their DB4, with its new, race-bred, 6-cylinder engine of 3,670 c.c., has the highest performance of any four-seater production car in the world. By "performance" they mean acceleration and stopping power, as well as taking into account the maximum speeds in the various gears. The DB4, the makers claim, accelerates from zero to 100 m.p.h. *and comes to a complete standstill* again in thirty seconds. Contributing to this remarkable performance are the servo-assisted Dunlop disc brakes fitted all round. The engine has twin overhead camshafts and develops 240 b.h.p. Both cylinder block and head are in aluminium alloy. The car is built on the Italian-type integral principle, with flat platform and a "skeleton" of tubular steel to give strength to the aluminium panels.

Mechanical features include synchromesh on all four gears, central gearchange, transverse wishbones for the independent springing at the front and trailing link suspension at the rear, with coil springs located behind the rear axle for greater comfort and stability. A 19-gallon fuel tank gives a range of over 350 miles, there is a ground clearance of 7 ins., and the car is fitted with a first-class heating and ventilating system. The inside of the two-door car imparts an atmosphere of elegance, with a neatly arranged facia and comfortable leather-covered seats which recline fully at the touch of a lever. The laminated wood rim of the steering-wheel follows racing-car practice and will make a special appeal to the true enthusiast.

Buyers of the DB4 are offered no optional extras of any kind. It is a "take-it-or-leave-it" car; and unless you have £3,976 7s. to spare you will have to leave it, because that is what the DB4 costs, including £1,326 purchase tax. The Aston Martin DB Mark 3 3-litre saloon and drophead models continue in production.

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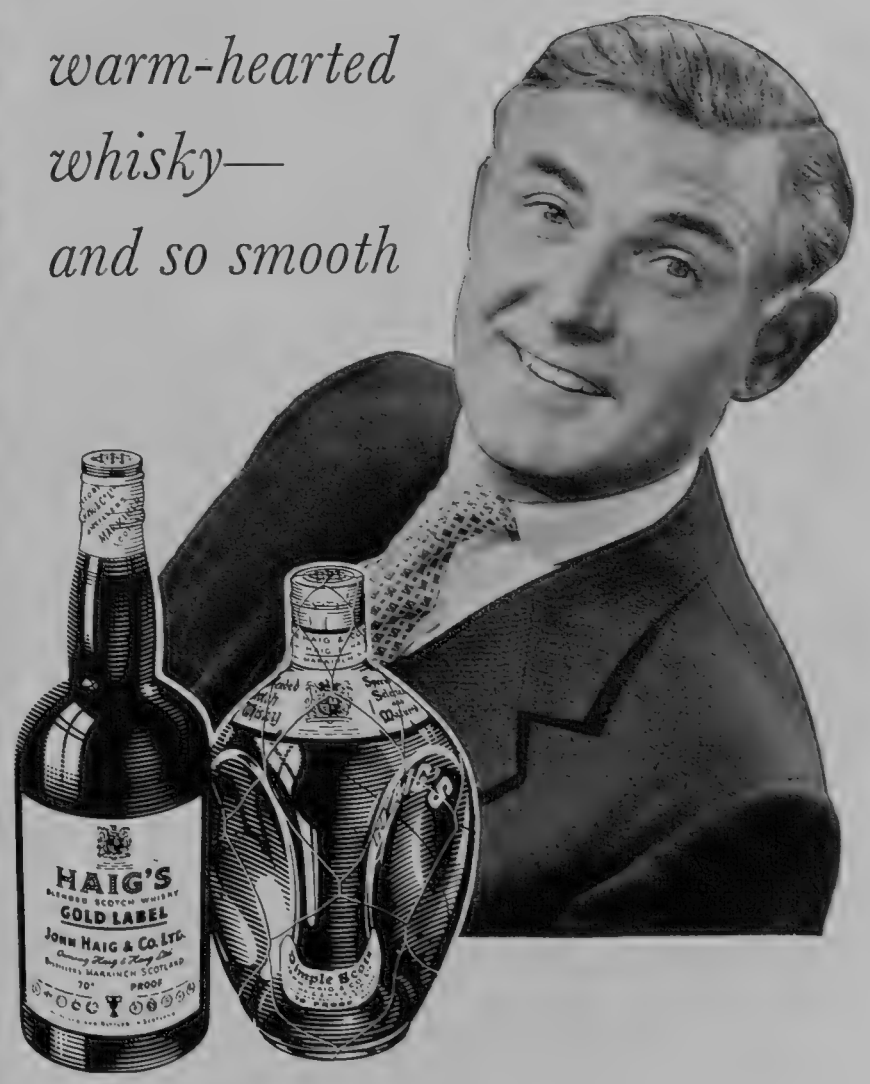

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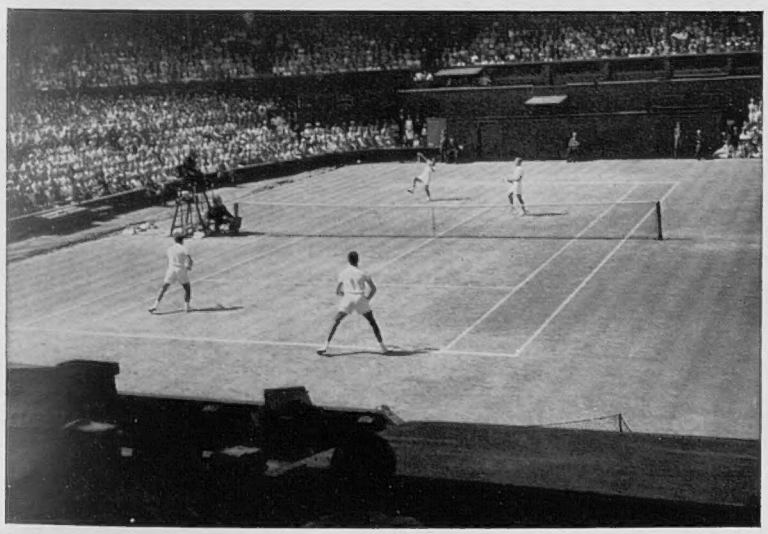

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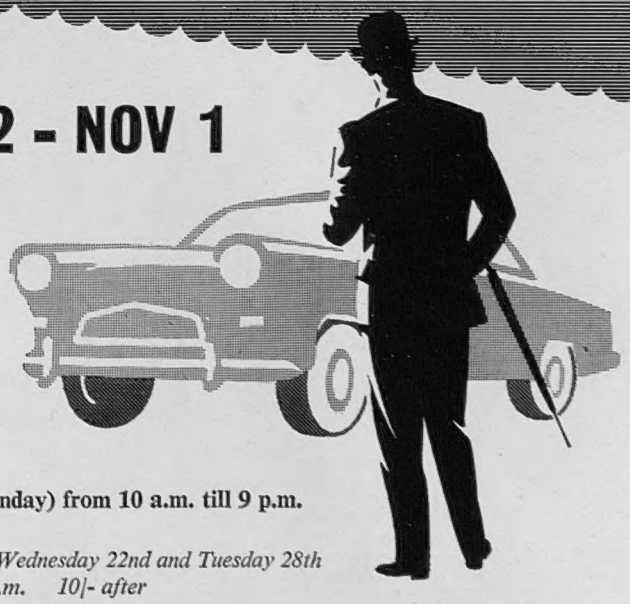

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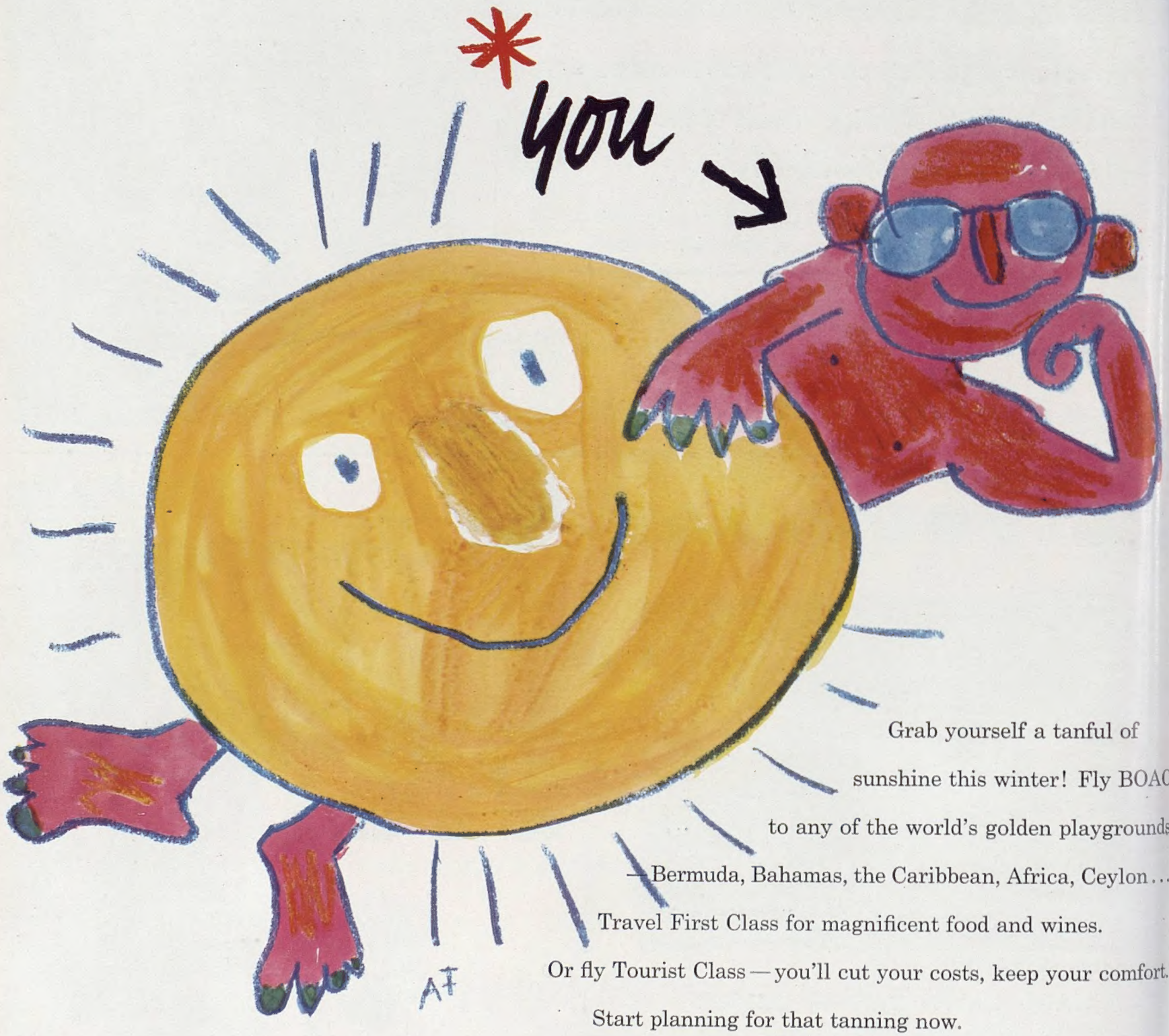

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